A PORTUGER PARTIES reasure & Profix

Vol. II.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 98 William Street.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1871.

TERMS \ \\$3.00 per Annum in advance. \\$1.00 for Four Months.

No. 73.

A VISION.

BY E. E. REXFORD

Oh, I have had a vision!
I looked beyond the gateway of the City of the Blest,
And I saw the hills Elysian,
And the spires of the mansions where the weary are at rest.

CHORUS:

Oh, beautiful, beautiful vision
Of the city so far away,
Of my home on the hills Elysian,
So far and far away!

Oh, the rapture that came o'er me,
When I heard the angels singing in that land
beyond the tide,
And I saw those gone before me,
And the light of Heaven's glory made their faces
glorified.

And I heard the golden viols
And the voices of the angels blend in sweetest
harmony,
And my heart forgot its trials
And wen reaching out to Heaven on that tender
melody.

Oh, what peace and tender quiet
Wrapped the bright celestial city in a strange.
unearthly calm.
And my pulses all ran riot
As I looked at that sweet country with its atmosphere of balm.

Oh, that far-off, far-off country!
If it only could come nearer! but, ah me, I quite forget!
I must turn my footsteps thither,
And perhaps along its pathway, I walk with Jesus yet.

Bessie Raynor: THE FACTORY GIRL

A TALE OF THE LAWRENCE LOOMS.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER. HOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER,"
FIFTY THOUSAND REWARD," "THE MISSING
FINGER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A FACE AT THE WINDOW. "Bessie! Bessie! I say, Bessie, my child!" and the old man's voice, as he turned uneasily on the lowly bed, went out in a pitiful wail.

"Here, father; I am here," and the frail young girl, with a wan, haggard face, suddenly aroused from the little slumber into which she had fallen, and, rising from her chair, reeled, rather than walked, to the couch of the sufferer.

At that instant the dim-lit room was At that instant the dim-nt room was ablaze with a blinding flash of lightning, which revealed every object, as if with the splendor of the noonday sun. A moment, and the crashing, jarring collapse of the air, as the bolt came down, rattled the casem and the rickety doors of old Silas Raynor's

The girl started back, as she flung her hands to her eyes to shut out the blinding glare. Then she turned abruptly toward the open window to let down the uplifted

But the old man saw her.
"Stop, Bessie," he said. "Let the air come in, my child. I'll not need it much longer. Let me have it. Do not fear the lightning or the thunder; the gust will soon pass over, and God, who has watched over us heretofore so well, will not let harm be fall us now. Ha!" he exclaimed, after a slight pause, as again the red-winged lightning flared into the room, illumining every nook and corner, and quickly followed by

the sharp, pealing stroke.

That lurid glare, blinding and more dazzling than the first, though it was but momentary in its stay, showed a scene in

the humble apartment. Bessie Raynor, startled and awe-struck, her long auburn ringlets falling in disarray down her back, her thin, frail figure, weak and exhausted, staggering away before the blinding stroke, her delicate, vein-marked hands pressed over the lack-luster, tear-red eyes, was a striking figure in that scene

An old man, with gray locks scattered over his aged head, with a weather-beaten, iron-like, yet gentle face, his big gray eyes glancing quietly above and around him, lay upon the humble bed, with its poverty speaking appointments. Occasionally tremblingly raised his hand to his forehead to wipe away the cold dew gathering there

But, his right hand nor his right leg did he move, and the muscles of the right side of his face were fearfully contracted; the deformity thus created about the mouth and cheek was hideous

This old man formed another figure in this impressive scene

His name was Silas Raynor-"Captain Silas," as he was known in Lawrence, and in Newburyport, and along the coast-country. And for many a year he had been known; for on this wild, gusty night in August of the year 1859, this very day, he had reached his sixty-fifth birth-day.

Four days previous to this stormy summer night of lightning and thunder, when, near sunset, he was strolling leisurely over the eastern bridge and listening to the loud roar of the Merrimac, as its dark waters thundered over the dam, thinking of his gentle daughter, Bessie, and his crippled boy, Ross, who were at work in the great Pemberton mill, the clack and whirr of its flying shuttles and spindles even then fall-ing on his ear; thinking, too, of his long-absent son, the sailor on the northern seas, whose brown cheek and hardy brow were facing the Arctic winds, the old man had paused and staggered toward the low, red parapet. A sudden faintness had crept over him; then a sense of numbness had crawled slowly coldly, up from his feet and settled in his strong brain. Then a deaden-



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A wild cry burst from Bessie's lips as she saw the wicked, sinister face of "Black Phil" at the open window.

and with a deep sigh he had tottered back-ward from the parapet and fallen upon the boarded floor of the bridge.

When he had recovered his consciousness a great crowd of men and women, of boys and girls, were gathered around him. The factories had "let out," for the day's work

Old Silas was securely grasped in the strong arms of Lorin Gray, the operative, and, on either side, as he slowly reeled along, supported by the mill-man, toward his humble home in the narrow alley-way near the canal, walked Bessie Raynor and Ross, the cripple, weeping bitterly and wringing their hands.

When the doctor, hastily summoned, had come, only a cursory examination was sufficient to make him shake his head and whisper in Lorin Gray's ear that the end

Yet Silas Raynor was, bodily, the impersonation of seeming health.

This, then, was the fourth night that Bessie had sat up and watched by the bed-side of her father, sleeping only at intervals as he slept, always heeding his slightest cry and driving away her tears to make him think she was brave. Besides this, she did not stop her loom in the mill, but all these four days had worked half of the regularly and steadily. Then she had hurried home to attend to her father.

Ross, however, cripple though he was, had not missed an hour from his daily toil.

The Raynors' could not afford to lose an hour even from work. been hinted that the old captain could afford to take his children out of the mill and reieve them of the constant labor to which they were subjected. It was hinted that he certainly owned the house, an humble one, truly, yet a house in which he lived. It was hinted, too, that the old captain had, in years agone, purchased some western property in Illinois for a song; and then came the strangest hint of all, that the old exmariner, who had sailed in his youth in foreign seas, had amassed money in queer,

outlandish gold. That gold he had buried! Yet, these were but hints; and those who knew the old man discredited them, they were well aware of his love for his

At all events, Bessie and her crippled brother worked still, in the manner we have stated, in the Pemberton Mill. If they stopped for any cause, sickness or accidents included, their pay ceased until they reported again for duty. The proprietor could

not afford to create a precedent of this sort! Lorin Gray had come regularly to the humble dwelling to inquire after the old man. His visits had been made after his work was over; he, too, could not leave the On his first visit, after the accident, he had hesitatingly offered to remain all

ing tingling had flashed through his limbs, | night and let Bessie go to bed. But the girl, with a blush—though she glanced gratefully into the sad, handsome face of the young

man-had declined his offer, with the There was a relationship existing between the two, of which both were aware, which made Bessie decline Lorin Gray's offer. did not press it. But he came again the next night, and, as he saw her worn, wan look, her dim, sleepless eye, he again offered his services as watcher. But again Bessie refused, and this time, though her tone was decided and her words admitted of no further reply, her blush was more marked.

As the second flash of lightning glared in the room, Bessie uttered a shriek and reeled toward a chair for support.

"Oh, father!" she cried, "'tis dangerous!

You are in the draught! Let me close the "No, no, my child," interrupted the old man, speaking with difficulty, anxiety in his

"I must intrust to you a secret, this

"Ay, my child, and this night, or never you must have it! Let the air come in. dread not the lightning-stroke; if it be the Master's will that it should be thus, I care

not. I am going now, fast!"

"Oh, father! do not speak so. You will

recover, and-No, my child, I know better. I can read what the doctor thinks, in his eyes and manner, and Lorin Gray would not me. He has not spoken a word of hope to me yet. No, Bessie, build not up false hopes. Before the mid-watch, old Silas Raynor will have slipped his cable for-

Bessie Raynor sunk into the chair, and burying her face in her hands, wept silent, bitter tears. It was strange that the fountains were not long since drained. The old father turned his head with an

effort; his eyes fell upon his daughter. A shiver passed over his frame; he strove to straighten, but the strong hand of palsy held him back. 'Come, Bessie," at length he resumed

speaking in a low tone, but hurriedly; sands are running out with the spe I must tell you the secret I referred Justice to you, and an eye to ture welfare and that of your brother, impel me to speak; and the time has come. Draw near, Bessie," and he beckoned his

Unhesitatingly the girl arose from her chair, wiped her eyes, and drew near the

"First, Bessie, search in the old locker at the foot of the bed, and bring me the flask you will find. It contains pure Santa Cruz rum. I need it now, though I never used it. It will build me up, until I can tell you what I have to say The girl did as directed. In a few mo-

ments she had found the flask, and returning to the bedside, placed it to the lips of

The old man drank greedily; then, leaning back on the pillow, closed his eyes. For a moment he lay thus; but, suddenly arousing himself, he turned toward the girl, motioned her to take a seat, and began to

Bessie quietly slid her hand into the sweat-cold palm of her father, and leaning her head on her elbow, waited for him to

proceed.

"I did not expect death so soon, my child," he said. "Four days ago I was strong and hearty, and counted on a dozen years more of life, in which to look around for my children. But death has come sooner than I thought—ay, death, my child! Had I known it, I would have provided for ou better; yet there is time. Listen, my

"Ross, father, Ross. Had I not better call him?" interrupted the girl, half arising. 'He sleeps just above, you know.'

The old man hesitated; a shade of pain

came to his brow and a tear dimmed his

"No, no, Bessie," he said. "Poor boy! he works hard. Let him sleep on. You can call him when—when I have told you all; for then I'll soon be gone." Bessie seated herself again, and once more

sought with her own delicate fingers the

hard, horny hand of her father.

The old man returned her warm pressure, and summoning his energies, began "I must hurry, Bessie; my strength is going again. Time nor—death will wait for me. My daughter, we have been living here in our little home for years—been living happily, though surrounded, not exactly by poverty, but by scanty comforts. You and your brother have been compelled to work in the mill and to toil day by day. Well, my child, you will never lose any thing learning to work; but, Bessie, my heart has

our hard work-taking you from the "Relieving us, father? Taking us from the mill? What mean you, father?" and Bessie leaned over and looked anxiously, curiously, at her father's distorted face.

The old man half-smiled at her eagerness,

often bled for you, and more than once have I been on the point of relieving you from

yet his smile was one of pleasure.
"I mean, my dear Bessie," he said, in a low tone, yet speaking distinctly, "that I am able to take you from the mill, to dress you in fine clothes, and send you to the first schools in Massachusetts."

The girl started back in amazement. "You, you, father!" she exclaimed. "Oh! then, why have you not done it? Why have you kept us at the looms all this—"
"There, there, my child, do not distress me more. My time is flying and I must

soon be thinking of other matters. You must not misjudge me. I said I was able to take you from the mill, and I spoke the truth; but, my daughter, I have been hampered with fear. I have gold, but I dared not let you know it. I knew that it would be of more use to you after I was gone than while I was living. And I feared, too, that curious eyes might be fastened on the gold which my children should offer in trade. Then I knew, too, there are some unscrupu-lous ones in Lawrence; who would gladly lutch at any pretext for suspicion and for

The old man hesitated as he uttered the last words with significance, and his eyes

rested upon his daughter's face.

Bessie Raynor saw his glance, and she had noted his words and the emphasis he had made. A shudder crept over her thin frame, and she half-cowered away.

"I—I understand you, father, and your reasons for secrecy," she murmured: "I

fear the man; but, he is married, and I'll appeal to the law to— But he swears he is not married, and

the law is very slow at working sometimes, At that instant, another flash lighted up

the room and the sashes rattled under the vibration of the reverberating thunder.

Bessie and her father both involuntarily turned their gaze toward the open window. A wild cry burst from Bessie's lips as she

saw a stunted figure, with a wicked, sinister face there.
"Black Phil!" she cried, and sunk forward on the bed.

CHAPTER II.

GOLD AND STEEL.

Two hours before the occurrences as given in the preceding chapter, on this same sultry, gusty August night, the figure of a man might have been seen hurrying along Essex street.

Occasionally he cast his eyes aloft and furtively scanned the threatening sky, and noted the inky darkness in which the heavens were hid. Then, he would redouble his pace. He studiously kept to the side on which the lamps were flared by the fitful, moaning summer wind, blowing in from the west; and, though the night was black and gloomy, and though the air, despite the rising gale, was hot and stiding, he drew a wide-rimmed hat over his eyes, and fastened his coat-collar well up around his neck.

That man was Arthur Ames, of the firm of Arlington & Ames, Brokers and Bankers, doing business on Essex street.

A quarter of an hour before we see him striding along Essex street, Arthur Ames had received a brief note. The contents of that note amounted to a summons. He was

obeying the mandate.
On he hurried, seldom looking behind





him, but, as we have said, occasionally timorously glancing at the ominous cloud-bank in the sky

the passed beneath a blazing lamp. The rays, which were flung wildly about in distorted flashes, fell on the old man's face and revealed it, pale, anxious and threaten-

ing.

Fifteen minutes from the time we first saw him, he passed before a low, solid, dingy-looking two-story house, the lower story embellished with a plate-glass window on either side of the narrow door. It seemed, indeed, that door had been sacrificed for window; yet, this was a banking-house, and the owners might have had their reasons for the straitened entrances.

Arthur Ames paused here and glanced around him. There were few pedestrians abroad this night; not a soul was in sight. "Black Phil is in earnest!" muttered the banker, with a suppressed anathema, as he gazed furtively in every direction. "And I, so completely in his power! Fiends! why did I trust him!"

He paused and fumbled in his pocket, as

if searching for something.
"But I'll not hesitate now!" he suddenly exclaimed, as if acting under an impulse. "If money will buy Black Phil, and carry him away, it shall be done! If not, a sud den thrust, or powder and ball, must and shall save me. I'll borrow the money from the bank, and Malcolm Arlington will be none the wiser.

He drew from his pocket a key and stepping back a few paces to a dark, solemn-looking door, which denoted the private en-trance, inserted the key, cautiously, into the keyhole. There was a low, harsh rattling of the double bolts, a rapid shooting of bars, and the door opened.

A moment, and Arthur Ames had entered the dark passage and closed the door cau-tiously, yet securely, behind him. Scarcely had he disappeared, before, as if from the shadows on the sidewalk, the figure

of a tall man arose and slowly came into With a few deliberate strides he walked forward and paused at the private entrance to the banking-house.

A neighboring lamp on the opposite side of the street, at that instant, driven by the moaning gust which crept along, flashed its beams brightly forth for a fleeting instant and illumined the face of the tall man who stood quietly by the side of the banking-

A singular face it was; hard, stern, calculating, brave, ambitious. "I am armed, and it may be well that I

am. Arthur Ames is a coward, afraid of his shadow, but, in such a matter as this, he may be desperate, for he holds every thing at stake! I would not have thought it. But now, my eyes are opened, and 'tis I, Arthur Ames, who hold you! at last you shall work for me!"

Ah, Minerva! Minerva!" he continued "I know you love me not, and that you do love the low-born Lorin Gray. Dream on, dream on; I'll not awaken you yet! I'll love and worship you, for you must be

He drew out a key, flung open his coat, so that he could readily thrust his hand in the side-pocket, and softly opened the door.

At this same hour, a light gleamed from the window of a small cabin, nestled close on the bank of the river, down on the wasteland, below the machine-shops. It was an unpretending habitation, and stood all alone, and the light which flashed from the uncurtained window was small and unpretending, too; so faint, too, that its gleam did not penetrate many paces into the dark, glowering night-air outside. Within the room in which the light shone—and a mean, shabing his hands upon a low table. On the table stood a rude inkstand, open, and near by lay several sheets of coarsely-scrawled and blurred paper. The lamp which flung out its rays was placed near the open win dow, and in front of the man upon whose

That face was not one upon which the beholder would like to look twice.

The man's complexion was so swarthy that, in the uncertain light, it seemed almost The head was massive, square and brutish, enormously large behind the ears and slanting over the low, wrinkled fore-head. The brow was lowering with the matted masses of coarse red hair falling over it, even down to the eyes. Those eyes were small, piercing, sinister, and of an uncertain color, and they continually roved around restlessly beneath the shaggy brows, though the head was stationary. The lower part the head was stationary. of the man's face was covered by a short, stunted beard of the same color as his hair though the mustache did not conceal the large mouth with its thick, protruding between which showed one or two brown,

jagged, overhanging teeth.

The frame of this person corresponded in its mold to the beastly cast of features. was short, brawny, and absolutely deformed and distorted by the giant muscles which worked the limbs. The spread of the shoulders was immense, made more so by an unsightly hump on the left side of the back.

One glance at his garb betrayed his calling. He was a mill operative.

He sat quietly for some moments, gazing at the blurred sheets and around the room. At that instant a dazzling flash of light ning blazed through the open casement Then followed the thunder. The man sprung to his feet and started to rush from

the apartment; but he stayed his steps. No, no!" he muttered; "I have him word to come, and I must wait for him. I'll strengthen myself, and then I'll not care for the lightning; and the cabin is low, too. Yes, I'll stay; for I want money, and I want to see Arthur Ames.

As he spoke, he turned and went to a large chest in the further corner of the room. He raised the lid, thrust in his hand, and drew out a black bottle, from which he took a long draught. Then, replacing the bottle, he returned to his seat near the window. Several moments elapsed, and he spoke not.
"Ha! ha!" he cried, "now I am strong. I care not for the elements now; I care not for the black shadows which haunt me; for the shade which lurks at my elbow; for the childish wail that continually comes up from old Merrimae! No, I care for nothing save gold, and for Bessie Raynor! That girl is in my mind all the time. By force or love, she shall be mine. Now, Nancy"—here his voice sunk and his eyes flashed toward a door which led into another room—"what

As he spoke, he arose. He cautiously approached the door, and bending his ear down, listened intently. But he heard no-

He crept softly over the floor, and paused

near an old-fashioned, low mantel piece. He glanced toward the door again, and urning resolutely away, placed his hand on he wall, in a certain spot, and pressed

heavily.

Slowly a concealed door opened, revealing a cavity of considerable depth. In that cavity lay quietly a large, glistening heap of

The man gloated over it.

At that moment the door leading into the room from the other apartment slowly opened and a woman protruded her head, and gave one glance at the scene.

One glance was enough. With a wild, startled, greedy look, she was about to spring in. But she controlled herself, and softly closed the door, without making the

softly closed the door, without making the slightest sound.
"Tis all right, all safe," he said. "But, we're going to have a gust. I wonder if old Arthur Ames will come, as I have ordered him to do? I wonder if he, too, is afraid of thunder and lightning, and sad, moaning winds and sadder wailing waters!" winds, and sadder, wailing waters!

It were hard to believe that such words, breathing refinement, ay, poetry itself, could fall from the coarse lips of such a looking person.
"If he fails to come to-night, it will be

the first time he has braved me; yes, the first time, though over twenty years—long, dreary years—have rolled by since that night.

Ha! what do you want, Nancy?" he asked, as at that moment the door behind him opened, and turning, he saw the woman we have noted before, standing in the room, azing at him.

A singular looking woman she was. She too, was clad as an operative in the mills. Her dress was coarse. Her mass of then disordered hair, profusely sprinkled with gray, fell down her back. Her face was ruddy, as if she was acquainted with the bottle, however well concealed it was, which the man had drawn from the chest; ye about it, particularly on the brow, and around the eyes and mouth, there were hard, stern, deep-graved lines, indicating

hard, stern, deep-graved lines, indicating trouble, care and sourow.

She did not reply to the man's question, but stood, looking intently at him.

"I say, Nancy Hurd, what do you want, and why don't you go to bed? I thought you were asleep," he growled.

"Nancy Hurd, is it? and why not Nancy Walshe?" snapped back the woman, slamming the door to, and striding like an Amazon into the room, her basilisk eyes glittering like balls of fire.

ing like balls of fire.

"You are not Nancy Walshe," sneered the man; and he laughed a wicked, mocking laugh.

"And Tve told you so before The woman didn't move. She had caught

the baleful glare of his eyes, and she was somewhat awed. A softer expression crept into her face, and she said, in a low voice:

"I know you have told me so, Phil; but, then, I had hoped you was trying to prove

To prove you! Bah! I tell you, that or fifteen years I have allowed you to live with me, but we are not married; the ceremony wasn't a genuine one. Why can't you believe me, and be quiet and reasonable, when I tell you, you are not my wife?"

These words were spoken with the utmost coolesses and the man half the turned every single processes and the man half the turned every single processes. coolness, and the man half turned away

A terrible shudder swept over the woman's face as she listened. But still, the tempest which was howling in her bosom, and which she had once subdued, did not break forth. She controlled herself.
"'Tis hard, Phil," she said, in the same

low tone, "to hear you talk so to me. I have always been true to you, and I thought I was your wife. I was deceived, Phil."

"Then, 'tis time you were undeceived, for I swear to you, that we were married by a falsa correspond and you know we

by a false ceremony, and you know we were both drunk then." The woman uttered not a word, but turn-

The man saw the movement. He stopped

"I had just as well be plain with you, Nancy Hurd," he said, and his voice was stern and positive. "You can remain here or awhile, but when I marry the woman I ve, you must go."
Nancy turned like lightning

"The woman you love! Who is she,

You know her well enough; 'tis needless to ask. I love-Bessie Raynor. Though the man's words were bold, yet he sunk his eyes and turned his head away, Bessie Raynor! ay, a child of seven-

She is old enough to be my wife." "She is young enough to be your oldest daughter. And she hates you, despises

What care I for that, so I can get her for my wife ?"

The woman paused; her eyes were now flashing fire; her Amazon breast was rising and falling, tumultuously; her fingers were twitching nervously.

Suddenly she strode up to the man, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, she

"I am your lawful wife, Phil Walshe; and I tell you, yes, I swear to you, that sooner than you shall marry Bessie Raynor, I will cut your throat, or I'll tear her heart Do you understand me?"

The man cowered for a moment under those bold words, and shrunk away from the grip of the woman. But, he soon recovered himself, and suddenly rising to his feet, he snatched a knife from his bosom and darted upon her. She turned to flee, but his strong hand clutched her and hurled her against the wall.

She turned like a tigress at bay, and her hand rapidly delved down into the folds of A moment, and a knife, too flashed in her hands.

"Stand back, Phil!" she hissed. "God knows I have loved you faithfully. But, I am strong, and I am armed. I'll not be murdered in cold blood. Stand back, I and she brandished her knife aloft. But the man still pressed on. (To be continued.)

Beecher's Warning to his Congregation.—Beware of refined selfishness. ware of æsthetic selfishness. Beware o aristocratic selfishness. Beware of the sel fishness of prosperity and of respectability. Beware of the temptation of the devil. Beware of any thing that shall make you indifferent to the sufferings and to the condition of those who are cast down by reason of their sins-for you, in your estate, are sinners, dependent, every hour and every moment, on the goodness of a pitying God. Be you to your fellows what God is to you.

HIDDEN THINGS.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

HIDDEN gems are in the sea, And indden music in the air; Beauty which we cannot see Thrills around us everywhere.

Hidden thoughts, how bright, how many Break like bubbles in the sun; Where the stream, unseen of any, Under wild flowers doth run. Hidden loves and hidden dreamings,

Treasures never brought to light, Live and vanish like the gleamings Of bright meteors in the night. Hidden faith and hidden worship.
Oh, how strong and pure and deep!
Swell and flow like secret fountains.
Where the wild birds dream and sleep

Why are these, if not to tell us That these broken links unite, In a chain forever sparkling— In Eternity's broad light?

Oh, how deselate and dreary
Would this world of sorrow be,
God! if Thou had'st never whispered
That it is the path to Thee.

Love-Blind:

WAS SHE GUILTY? BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,

AUTHOR OF "OATH-BOUND," "SHADOWED HEART," BTC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII. THE VOW OVER THE COFFIN. THE day Mr. Clavering had appointed for his wedding was selected for the funeral

It was deliciously clear and cool: the sun never had shone so brightly, it seemed to Lillian Rothermel, or the breeze to blow so refreshingly as on that day, when, instead of proudly walking by his side up the wide aisle of Fernleigh church, she crept along behind him, in trailing mourning robes, and he being carried in headforemost!

That was a grief-fraught day to the family and guests at Fernleigh; and while they all bewailed the loss of Mr. Clavering, each was most tender in their sympathy for poor, stricken Lillian, whose low, plaintive sobs filled the small parish church during the service, whose utter abandonment of grief, when she kissed her dead betrothed a last good-by—it was the first kiss she ever had, unsolicited, given him—was pitiful, even in the eyes of men unused to weep.

Every one acknowledged what a blow it must be to her; people who, when they had received her wedding invitations, had sneered and called her an ambitious woman, to have so completely gotten the best of old Mr. Clavering and Fernleigh, now shook their heads, and thought how mistaken they had been in accusing her of marrying for money, when it was all for love, after

All but Harry Gordeloup; he sat with the friends, just beside Mr. Alvanley, and where he could see Winnie St. Cyr's bowed head and shivering form-if he had but known it was not for grief for the dead, but worse than anguish for the living, that sent those blood-curdling tremors through

But he didn't know; and it was very natural in him to attribute her emotion to the loss of such a friend as Edward Clavering had been to Winnie, and her mother before

So he sat there, grimly upright, yet with a certain graynesss in his face that had never left it since Lester Alvanley had awakened him that fatal morning with the news. He was nervous, and he didn't at-tempt to deny it, either to himself or others; but the most he thought of was, Lillian was free, and an heiress, although she did not know that yet, of course.

He thought a great deal of Winnie, in between thoughts of Lillian; Winnie must despise him, he supposed, because he had been used so contemptuously by Lillian; yet, for all, he imagined there had been a vestige of the old-time affection left in her,

else why her emotion that morning?

Very little of the eulogy did he hear; and not till the strangers and acquaintances had passed in solemn order around the aisles to look upon Mr. Clavering for the last time, and it remained for the party from Fern leigh to pay their sad tribute, did he fully arouse from his reverie.

Miss Amy and Mr. Alvanley had passed on toward the door; so that he, Winnie and Lillian were together, alone, by the coffin. He did not like to look at dead people -it is a constitutional peculiarity with some persons—so, bestowing a hasty glance, and seeing more of Winnie St. Cyr's blanched face and wide eyes than Mr. Clavering's, he would have hurried on. But Lillian laid her black kidded hand heavily on his arm. Wait only a moment, and you, Miss St. Cyr, to listen to the vow I make, in the so lemn presence of death, and may the departed spirit of my betrothed husband hear ny sworn vow-never to consider my earthly mission complete, until I have avenged his death! From his open coffin I go forth; my task is not so hard, for I have

She fixed her eyes for a second on Harry Gordeloup's face, that, despite the occasion flushed under the gaze once so dear to him and Winnie, with a wild gesture of he hands, turned to go, meeting as she did Lil-lian Rothermel's black eyes, as sternly as

Lillian had attracted no attention; her voice had been low and terribly impressive; but to Winnie she had seemed like some onsweeping Nemesis, speaking with thun-

The three walked down the aisle; Lillian entered the carriage with Miss Amy and Winnie; Harry and Mr. Alvanley occupying the next.

CHAPTER XIII.

HARRY'S CONGRATULATION. AT Fernleigh, when the party returned,

dinner was spread; afterward, they gathered in the library, where the will was to be

were announced. To Miss Amy a generous income; to Winnie St. Cyr, five thousand dollars; to Harry Gordeloup and Lester Alvanley, each

three thousand dollars for their duties as To the servants, each a thoughtful remembrance; to a charitable institute, the proceeds of the sale of certain real estate. And then—with clear, high, slowly enunciated voice, Lawyer Margrave read:
"And to Miss Lillian Rothermel, who has

this day promised to be my wife, I leave the

After the usual praliminaries, the legacies

sum of five thousand dollars yearly, and the use of my town house and appurtenances so long as she lives—if, under any peculiar circumstances, I fail to keep my agreement.

"In event of our marriage, she will receive all the residue of my property, which, otherwise, will be disposed of as follows,"

etc., etc.
A silence, gendered by surprise, succeeded this announcement; and then rising slowly to her feet Lillian stared at the lawyer.
"For me—for me? Are you not mistaken? Surely I had no idea—I do not de-The tears rushed to her eyes, and her lips

quivered; and there were few present who did not remark afterward: What a charming woman she was; how nobly she acted, yet with such a sorrowful humility of demenor." Then she glided around to Miss Amy Clavering, and leaned her head on her shoulder.

"I would have been so content to have remained in the old way; Miss Amy, I dare not accept this, dearly as I loved him. I feel I am an intruder—a robber; robbing you of your rights." Was it any wonder Edward Clavering had loved her? so noble and womanly and high principled?

Miss Amy impulsively kissed the beautiful, upturned face, with its dewy lips and

Take it, and be my own darling, as I know you were his; my younger sister, who will cherish me and care for me, now I am

So Lillian bowed to her destiny; a sweet, sad smile on her face as she walked gracefully back to her seat: a wild sense of exultant freedom in her soul that was laughng at its triumph!

There was little else to do after this; first came the congratulations of the lawyers, who felt it a great pleasure to take Miss Rothermel's warm, nestling hand, and tell her her good luck was nothing, in compari-son with Mr. Clavering's loss, in being taken from so charming a prospect; then the friends, Winnie and Mr. Alvanley, until, standing like some ebon-clad statue, yet so gloriously radiant was she in the pink flush of health and youth, she was left alone with Mr. Gordeloup. The servants had thrown open the western windows, and a narrow spear of molten sunshine slanted athwart spear of molten sunshine slanted athwart her purple-black hair, and lying, a band of beauty, over her white throat and adown her breast—until, hindered by the cross of a gothic-backed chair that stood just before her, the sunbeam stopped, as it were, unwilling to go further; and the place where it paused was on her breast—just where the blood-red spot had marked Mr. Clavering's doom. She shivered and moved out of the doom. She shivered, and moved out of the light, then looked up to see Harry Gorde-loup standing, with folded arms, and stern-

ly-set lips, directly before her She never moved a muscle of her glorious face; not a tremor of the eyelids, not a hurried heaving of her bosom; but she met him face to face, alone, for the first time since the day she had seen him, in this very room, when she was on her way to tell the other she would be his wife, with as calm a glance as though it had been Mr. Alvanley, or any

other acquaintance.
"Well!" he said, at length, never moving his gaze from her face..
"You think it is well, then, Mr. Gorde-

loup? I do not."
He smiled at her; not the sort of smile

You do not? I was mistaken; pardon I supposed since you had received your price-"
"Be still!"

She stamped her foot, and a red spot ga-"Once I asked you to heeding her wrath. have mercy on me, and you would not; now I must 'be still,' forsooth, because I remind

yet not Edward Clavering's wife. He was so strange, so heartless; Lillian, with all her wrath, could see that, and she wondered whether, after all-"Will you congratulate me? I will for-

you that you are a rich woman after all, and

give you if you do She had dropped her anger, and extended her hand in her olden, witching way, look-

ing into his eyes so earnestly.
"Congratulate you? that you have your money? and that Mr. Clavering is dead? The former, certainly And he walked out, never as much as noticing her hand that was still extended.

She drew a long, gasping breath, and went slowly up-stairs.

CHAPTER XIV. IN THE NET.

It seemed the easiest of all things for Lillian Rothermel to glide into the position of mistress of Fernleigh; Miss Amy, fond and clinging, preferred that she should do her own will, and the servants, proud of her beauty and grace, obeyed her wishes to the

The week after the funeral the house was opened and aired; Lillian assumed her po-sition behind the coffee-urn, and the new life at Fernleigh seemed to be inaugurated without an effort.

Harry Gordeloup had gone back to his

business; and without a word of adieu to any one. Winnie, now that the Florestans were still at the White Mountains, was obliged to stay; and her visit was the more agreeable because Lester Alvanley had left Not that he went to remain away; Lillian

had taken good care of that, and had told him, at parting, of Mr. Clavering's wish; promising, herself, the dower to Winnie, out of her own abundance, that Mr. Clavering would have given her.

Naturally, Lester Alvanley was delighted.

He loved Winnie, and intended to use all his powers of persuasion until she consented; perhaps it occurred to him, if she could not be prevailed upon, she might be taught there was no alternative.
I said Lester Alvanley really loved Win-

nie St. Cyr; yet it was a thoroughly-selfish love he bore her, for he was a thoroughly-selfish man. Not that he would ever have permitted Winnie, through his inattention or neglect, to be an unhappy wife; yet he would use means to make her his wife that, in themselves, might distress her greatly. So he bade her adieu at Fernleigh, not telling her he was to be Miss Rothermel's guest every Sunday during the season, and

not so much as whispering a word of love He had noticed the marked difference in her manner, as well as personal appearance, those last dreadful days; he had seen the sudden nervous starting—the restless, preoccupied air, and the quick palings and flushings if one entered the room abruptly.

While Harry Gordeloup had remained at Fernleigh, Winnie had kept her room, where Lillian often sat with her. Afterward, she came down-stairs oftener, and seemed less agitated, although a troubled, settled sorrow seemed to enwrap her

in a gloom of unspeakable density.

The days passed very quietly at Fernleigh; Miss Amy keeping her room nearly all the time; Winnie and Lillian walking while the days were pleasant, and reading when indoors. No guests were invited save Mr. Alvanley, and the calls of condolence were soon made. The opportunity had not yet, in Miss Rothermel's opinion, arrived when she decided it was best to have a plain understanding with Winnie regarding Lester Alvanley. So far as Lillian herself was concerned in Winnie's later life, in connection with the affairs of Harry Gordeloup, there never had been the first word in a gloom of unspeakable density loup, there never had been the first word spoken, except that remark and its beseech-ing answer, on the day of Winnie's arrival. Now, Lillian astutely judged that, by opening the conversation with Harry, and Harry's love affairs as concerning them both,

she could get very near Winnie's heart.

It was perfectly well known to Lillian Rothermel that Winnie still loved Harry, despite his treatment of her. Lillian knew she had no idea of loving Mr. Alvanley, and therefore she knew her task was no easy one. But she had determined that Harry should not marry Winnie; that Lester Alvanley should; and with a sort of defiant

smile on her lips, she went down from her room into the bright, breezy parlor, where she knew she should find her. Winnie was sitting in the oriel window, a piece of gay worsted work lying idly in her fingers, and her eyes gazing far out over the broad stretch of sunny woodland and mead-ows. There was the same restlessness in her eyes that had come there that never-tobe-forgotten day; the same pale look under

the eyes, and around the mouth, that Lester Alvanley had seen. She smiled, however, when Lillian drew

a low rocking-chair opposite her.
"I came down purposely for a nice confidential talk, Winnie. I don't have any one to converse with but you nowadays.' There was a touch of quiet sadness in Lillian's tones that made Winnie's heart go

"And I'm sure there is no one who so "Because you knew Mr. Clavering so well, or—or—pardon me, Winnie, because we both knew Harry Gordeloup so well?"

A dull gray color slowly gathered on Winnie's cheek; how she dreaded to talk about him; what fearful memories rose up at the sound of his name!

"Because, Winnie," Lillian went on, in a sweet, deprecating voice, "I know I never deserve to be pitied by you, unless I am first sure you have forgiven me. Sometimes I wonder how I could be so cruel."

wonder how I could be so cruel."
"It was for the best, perhaps." Winnie felt constrained to make some sort of answer, but she hardly knew what she was

saying.

"No, it was not. It was a wicked wrong I did you, Winnie, but it has all come back to me, and you, Winnie, can marry Harry

and be happy."

She made the venture, watching its effects from under her drooping eyelids,

"Marry Harry Gordeloup! never, if I could-She had almost screamed out the words. and there came a fierce light in her blue eyes as she thought of him. Then she hesitated, and, with the silence, came a dull,

horrid agony around her heart.
"No? Forgive me if I wounded you. might have known you were a woman in heart, if a girl in years. And a woman

Oh! what knife-blades were those words of hers; so deliberate and cruel. were true, too, Winnie knew; Harry Gorde loup had trampled on her, and, Heaven help her, she would have taken him back with open arms, and forgiven and forgotten every thing, were it not that she believed him to be guilty of a far worse sin. "Winnie, shall you go back to the Florestans?"

The question, coming after the highly wrought train of thought, was a relief to her. "Certainly. What else should I do? I would not remain at Fernleigh.' You would be welcome, I'm sure-or rather at my city residence, where I shall

probably go on the first of October. I asked because I had a vague sort of idea that you would-would-She paused and glanced at Winnie's face " Well, what, Lillian?"

"I do not know that I ought to mention t; but, then, you know it was the dearest hope of Mr. Clavering's heart to have you and Mr. Alvanley married." A little curl of amusement crept to Winnie's lips; then her face darkened; she re-

membered how she had spoken on that subject the last time she had seen Mr. Clavering 'I could not have done it had Mr. Claver-

ing lived. Now, there is less reason for such a distasteful step." Then you really dislike Mr. Alvanley so, Winnie? I think he is worthy of your affections."

Perhaps he is; but I do not like him at all. There is the gentleman now." Lillian arose from her seat, uttering a lit-

tle exclamation of well-feigned surprise. "Why, it is Mr. Alvanley!" and she went to the front entrance to meet him. As rapidly as she hastened to leave the parlor before he came in, Winnie was not

in time to avoid seeing him. Distasteful at any time, his presence was peculiarly so now after Lillian's remarks. Ignoring her distant coolness, Mr. Alvan-

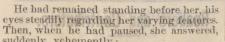
came on toward her with extended "Don't be in a hurry, Miss Winnie! I

ssure you I am glad to see you."
She suffered him to shake hands, and nurmured some inaudible words. Mr. Alvanley was slow to release her, and motioned toward the sofa near the bay

I came down to Fernleigh purposely to ask an interview; you will grant it, Win-

Could he mean any thing in reference to Harry's guilt? Her cheek blanched at the thought; yet, how could he know what was locked in her bosom?"

"You surely know why I came to Fern-leigh at all, Winnie. Had you not been here, I should not have come, then or now. As it is, Winnie, why should you not know I desire to have you for my wife, whom I love so fondly, so truly? Winnie, think of it; remember how I can lift you to ease and luxury; remember I have waited a long. Need I wait longer?



suddenly, vehemently:
"No! no! Mr. Alvanley, it can never

be, under any circumstances."

She rose up to go out of the room, but he caught her by her arm. Think of it, Winnie—for Harry's sake!
(To be continued—commenced in No. 71.)

Overland Kit:

THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK, DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

PATRICK GWYNE APPEARS. A LOW cry of alarm came from Bernice's lips as she beheld the masked man standing

within her room.
"Don't fear; I ain't a-goin' to harm you," said the outlaw, gruffly, his voice hard and

Bernice made a single step toward him as the tone of his voice fell upon her ears. Her lips were parted as though a question trembled upon them, and there was an eager and an anxious look upon her beautiful face.

The road-agent guessed the question that was on Bernice's tongue. You know me, eh?" he said, with a

hoarse chuckle.
"I—I think I do," the girl replied, slowly, a puzzled expression upon her face.
"Oh! you know me, fast enough, and I know you, too, Bernice Gwyne. I knew

know you, too, Bernice Gwyne, I knew you the moment I set eyes on you in the coach, the other night, although it's ten years since I've seen your face."

"Ten years?" said Bernice, very slowly, speaking as if she were in a dream, and her eyes fixed steadily upon the outlaw.

"Yes, it's ten years since I 'levanted' from old Gotham and found a home in the Far West. I've changed a heap since that time; the smooth-faced boy has become the bearded man; the hand, that once only struck in self-defense, is now raised against

"And who are you?" cried Bernice, suddenly, the girl standing rigid as a statue, and staring with straining eyes upon her

"What do you ask that question for, when you must know who I am?" demanded the

outlaw, coarsely.

"Answer it, please," replied Bernice, quietly, but with a suppressed agitation in her face that was painful to behold.

"You know well enough. What man is there in this hyer ranche likely to call you have some the exercise the coarse.

by name, the moment he sets his eyes on you, like I did, when I put my head in at the coach window? Who is it that you've come all the way from the East to find, ch?" the outlaw asked.

"Patrick Gwyne," she replied.
"Take a good look at mo; I'm the man," said the road-agent.

'You, Patrick Gwyne?" Bernice ques-

tioned, slowly. "Yes, you know I am; when you look upon me and hear my voice, you know that I am Patrick Gwyne, although you have tried to cheat yourself into a belief that you have discovered Patrick Gwyne in this blackleg, Dick Talbot."

'How do you know that?" demanded

Bernice, quickly.

"Because I overheard all that passed between you and him up in the ravine to-day," replied the outlaw, with a laugh.
Bernice started as though she had been

bitten by a serpent.
"It's true," added Kit, noticing the movement of the girl. "I was snugged down among the pines; you see, I have to be pretty careful how I walk round this hyer town. You happened to meet this fellow not ten paces from my hiding-place, so I heard all that passed between you. I could hear though I couldn't see, but for all that,

I saw something, without the use of my eyes, that he didn't see with the use of his And what was that?" asked Bernice, a peculiar expression upon her face. "That Bernice Gwyne, if she stays in Spur City long, will be very apt to make a fool of herself," replied Kit, bluntly.

"You think so?"
"I know so," he said, decidedly. "Why. Bernice, I know you of old. The free and open-hearted child has not changed, although she has grown to womanhood; her nature is still the same. But, you're on the wrong track, my girl; switch off; say goodby to this region and get back East as fast

And leave you, Patrick Gwyne, to lead questioned Bernice.

'What other is open to me?" said Kit, doggedly.
"The life of an honest man; you are

young yet; the best years of your life are still before you!" exclaimed Bernice, earn-

estly. "Too late!" said the outlaw, with a shake of the head.

"It is never too late to forsake the ways of evil!" replied the girl. "Oh, there's no use talking; leave me alone; you can't help me any. Go East and forget that such a man as Patrick

Gwyne ever existed!" he exclaimed Patrick, do you know what has happen

she asked, quietly, but with a world of feeling in her tone.

"Yes; the father forgot that he had a son; well, the son once forgot that he had a father; both are even. Perhaps if the father had been more of an Irishman and less a Roman, the son would not have disgraced his gray hairs."

"How can you speak so, Patrick " exclaimed Bernice, softly, her large eyes filling

It is the truth," the outlaw replied, stubbornly. "My father had read that the Roman, Brutus, gave his son to death; his country first, his kindred after; my father aped the Roman and would have given me to the scaffold had I not found safety in Years came and went, yet he did not relent; the foolish boy, that a kind word perhaps might have saved from evil, became desperate man. When my father was on his deathbed, even, he did not relent.' "How do you know?"

did not guess rightly," Bernice tly, "Your father's illness lasted only a few hours; the shock came so sudden that it gave him no time to undo the wrong that he had committed in his will; wrong that he had committed in his will; desperado, but the pursuers were close be-but yet, the last word upon his lips was your hind.

name; in his dying hour he thought of the son whose name he had forbidden all to

The teeth of the outlaw were tightly compressed, and his muscular frame shook with

pressed, and his muscular frame shook with strong emotion.

"Will you not, then, leave this dreadful life and seek once more the path of honesty?" Bernice asked, earnestly.

For a moment the road-agent did not reply; then, with a great effort, he recovered his composure.

"Enough of that," he said. "I have already given you my answer, and now give me yours. Will you leave this place and return to the East?"

"No."

You will not!" exclaimed Kit, harshly.

"You will not!" exclaimed Kit, harshly.
"No," replied Bernice, firmly.
"And why will you not?" demanded the outlaw, evidently annoyed. "You have found what you seek. I am Patrick Gwyne. You do not doubt that, do you?"
"No," Bernice replied.
"You came to the West to find me; you have found me. That ends your mission, What can keep you here?"
"Can't you guess?"

Can't you guess?' "And yet you say that you overheard the interview between myself and this Mr. Tal-

So I did, every word; if you doubt it

I'll repeat the conversation."

"No, I do not doubt it," Bernice replied.
"You also said that you, without eyes, discovered something which escaped his vicing."

Yes, I did." "And you ask why I remain here?"
Kit looked at the girl for a moment in silence; wonder expressed itself in his dark

"You love this man?" he cried, suddenly.
"I do," Bernice replied, firmly and

Girl, you are mad!" cried the roadagent, roughly.
"Do you think so because I love this man, who calls himself Talbot, and because I am not ashamed to confess to you, my cousin, Patrick Gwyne, that I do love him?"

the girl said, the peculiar look again appearing on her face.
"You love this fellow, this Injun Dick, bully, gambler, cheat of the first water? A scoundrel that the Vigilantes will string up to the branch of a tall pine some fine morning as a warning to the rest of his cut-throat tribe?" cried Kit, hastily, and with bitter indimention.

indignation.
"Yes, I love him," replied Bernice, proudly, "and that love shall win him from

proudly, "and that love shall win him from the mire of evil and make an honest man of him once again." As she spoke, the color flushed her cheeks and a bright, joyous light sparkled in her eyes.

"Oh, girl, you will lose yourself and not save him!" cried Kit; "the task is impossible. Besides, he loves another woman—the girl, Jinnie, who keeps this place. She saved his life once; that life belongs to her. Leave him to his fate."

Leave him to his fate."

"Patrick Gwyne, why do you attempt to deceive me?" cried the girl, suddenly.

"You are playing a bold game, but already I guess it. I know you, despite your disguise. You can not blind my eyes. You and Juiun Dick are."

and Injun Dick are—"
"Hush!" cried Kit, quickly, extending his hand in warning. "There is some one in the entry!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS AGAIN.

BERNICE obeyed the warning and kept The quick ears of the outlaw had not dein the entry outside. Some one moving

"They're after me, I think," said the out-"After you!" exclaimed the girl.
Yes, I shall have to run for it, maybe." The noise in the entry increased; the one

man there was joined by a dozen others, judging from the noise they made. I'm in a trap, sure," muttered Kit, listening, anxiously.
"He's somewhar in the house now, you

bet!" exclaimed a hoarse voice outside.
"Joe Rain, by heaven!" cried Kit, grinding his teeth together in anger. He had recognized the voice of his former follower. "Let a number keep watch below, while

the rest search the rooms," said the stern voice of Judge Jones. He was evidently on the landing outside. "So, wolves and dogs, all on my trail," muttered the road-agent, an angry menace

'If they discover you?" "They'll string me up to the first tree that comes handy," replied Kit, guessing the

alf-asked question. "Is there no way by which you can es-

ape?" Bernice asked, anxiously. "Yes; open the window, slowly and arelessly; look out and see if there is any-

ody down in front of the saloon," the outw said, quickly, his ready wit coming to

Bernice opened the window.
"Well?" questioned Kit, anxiously. "There are two or three standing in the orway," she replied.

Put there of course to watch that I don't jump out of some of the windows," muttered the road-agent, in anger. "I'm a trap; this visit to you, Bernice, may cost me my life."

Why not remove your disguise? They do not suspect that the outlaw is daily in their midst," Bernice said. Disguise!" cried Kit, in wonder. "What

mad notion have you got into your head?"

With a violent kick, one of the men in he entry forced open the door. The entry was filled with men, some of whom bore

With the speed of the lightning's flash, he road-agent drew his revolvers and fired the crowd.

Howling in terror, the miners tumbled over each other in their anxiety to escape om the range of the bullets of the outlaw. The candles were extinguished and confusion reigned supreme. None of the puruers were injured, though, by the fire the road-agent; purposely he had aimed over their heads.

With a second movement, as quick as the first, Kit brushed the candle off the little table and extinguished it. Then, with a bound, he vaulted upon the window-sill and leaped lightly to the ground.

As he had anticipated, the noise of the fire-arms had attracted the knot at the door into the house. The coast was clear for the escape of the

Thanks to the confusion attending the dis-charging of Kit's revolvers, he had managed o secure an excellent start.

As the miners followed in pursuit, they

opened a running fire from their pistols upon the fugitive; but, the night was dark, the moon being partially obscured by clouds, and the aim of the miners uncertain; so the road-agent really stood but lit-tle chance of being hit. Judge Jones was not with the crowd of pursuers, although he had led the mob in the hotel. The miners did not notice his absence, so absorbed were they in their human

After running up the street a few hundred yards, Kit darted suddenly to the left. Under a low, tumble-down shed stood a horse. It

was the famous steed of the road-agent, the brown mare with four white stockings and a bright blaze in the forehead. With a bound, Kit swung himself into the saddle. Up the street, at racing speed, went the horse.

Enraged at the now certain escape of their prey, the miners emptied their revolvers at the flying steed and rider.

Kit turned and laughed in defiance, waving his hand in bravado as he rode on.

A few moments more and the outlaw dis-

appeared in the gloom of the darkness.
Disgusted and breathless, the pursuers returned slowly from their fruitless chase. In front of the Eldorado they found Judge Jones and Joe Rain, busy in conversation.

"He were too much for us, Judge!" exclaimed Ginger Bill, the driver, who had been one of the foremost in the pursuit.

"Ran away from you, eh?" asked the Judge, in his usually calm manner. "Had his hoss down under a shed cor-

raled, an' he jest got up an' got like a 'tarnal airthquake!" exclaimed Bill. "Never mind, we'll have him before morning," said the Judge:

"Well, you may," replied Bill, doubtfully; "but, ef he shows his nose hyer fur a week, he's a bigger fool than I take him to

"This lucky escape will render him care-

less. Bill, I want about four good men to go with me," said the Judge. What for, Judge?"

"To make an arrest."
"I'm your meat, for one!" cried Bill. "Put me down for wan!" exclaimed the Irishman, Patsy, who was one of the crowd. Two more of the crowd volunteered, and

so the party was made up.

Headed by Judge Jones, and accompanied by Joe Rain, the little party proceeded up the road, heading toward Gopher Gully.

Many were the quiet remarks among the

rank and file of the party as to the object of the expedition. But, as Judge Jones had some time before the opening of our story been formally elected Mayor of Spur City, no one thought of questioning his orders, or of asking information regarding them.

On through the darkness of the night trudged the little party. Spur City was left behind, and the rocky defile, northward, entered. The defile ended, and the little creek that tumbled into the Reese crossed, the party saw before them the flickering lights that

marked the location of the little mining camp, known as Gopher Gully.
Two houses and some twenty tents, and tents and houses combined, made up Gopher

The largest shanty, of course, was the saloon, which was dignified by the title of Cosmopolitan Hotel.

When the little official party from Spur City entered the Cosmopolitan, a quiet game of poker was going on in one corner. One of the players was Injun Dick; another one, the giant who rejoiced in the appellation of Dandy Jim, the man-from Red Dog; three other rough-looking fellows made up the party.

Talbot nodded familiarly to Bill, said "good-evening" to the Judge, when the party entered, and then picked up the hand that had just been dealt him.

From the size of the little pile of coin before Dick, it was evident that he had not been winning.
"What brings you up our way, Judge?"

asked the landlord of the Cosmopolitan, a huge-bearded giant of a fellow, with a round, good-natured face.

"A little business, that's all," replied the Judge, blandly. "Mr. Talbot," and he addressed the card-player. "Eh, did you speak to me, Judge? I'll see that, and go ten better." This addressed to the card-players.

"I'm very sorry to disturb you, but-" and the Judge hesitated. "What is it? Spit it out, Judge! Do

you call me?" to the Red-Dogite, referring to the game. "Not by a durned sight, till you get all

your pile up," replied Jim, confidently.
"I shall have to trouble you to come with us," said the Judge.

All within the room, except Joe Rain, stared at the Judge in astonishment. Those

who had accompanied him from Spur City were fully as amazed as the others You want me?-what for ?" asked Dick, astonished.

"You are my prisoner, sir," said the Judge, in a tone which showed plainly that he was in earnest. "Your prisoner!" exclaimed Talbot,

"Yes; you must accompany us to Spur

"Of what am I accused?"
"That you will soon learn; your trial will commence at once."
"Sar Diel."

"Say, Dick!" cried Jim, springing to his "jes' you say the word, an' I'll clean feet di out the whole kerboodle. I'm a gay old mustang, I am, an' I chaw up a man a week
—Injuns ain't counted!" and the man-from Red-Dog squared himself scientifically, and prepared to "go for" the Spur-Cityites 'No, no!" cried Dick, quickly, laying down his hand and gathering up the few pieces of silver that remained to him;

don't kick up any fuss on my accoun I'm ready to go with you, gents;" and then he muttered in an undertone, as he rose: "I might have guessed this; I've got the queen of hearts in my hand again."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FACE TO FACE. BERNICE, from the open window, watch-ed eagerly the flight of the outlaw. Of course all Spur City had been alarmed

at the noise of the firing, and the street was well lined with men, women-very few of the softer sex, though, in Spur City-and children. It had been quite a time since a first-class

"rnction"—as the Irishman would have said—had occurred in the mining camp, Kit ran up the street at a terrific burst of speed. The miners poured, tumultuously, from the house and followed in the chase. and the inhabitants thereof were not slow

to improve the opportunity now afforded. Bernice could see the bright flashes of fire that came from the pistols of the pursuers; hear the sharp reports that rung out so clear-

upon the night-air.
With clasped hands, anxious eyes, a pale face, and a bosom that throbbed tumultuous-ly, the girl tried to watch the progress of

The night was dark, though, and in a few seconds the crowd passed beyond the line of her vision, but she could still see the little patches of fire, hear the pistol-reports and the yells of the pursuing crowd, who were shouting like so many sayges.

were shouting like so many savages.

"Oh, merciful Powers! let him escape!"
murmured Bernice, in anguish; "he is not
fit to die. Give him time to repent; give
him time to see the evil of his ways."

Then to the ears of the girl came the
sound of the hoofs of a horse galloping rapidly away.

idly away.

The reports of the revolvers came thicker and faster, the yells of the miners more and more discordant, and then—all was still, save that a busy hum, produced by moving fast and many voices, came to her listening feet and many voices, came to her listening

ears.

"He has escaped, or else he is dead," she murmured, and her cheek grew paler still at the second thought. "I must learn the truth!" she exclaimed, wildly. "This suspense is too terrible to bear."

The noise of the voices and the sound of the foot grew lander and lander as the crowd.

the feet grew louder and louder as the crowd came nearer and nearer. As the miners came into sight, Bernice's eyes were strained with an eager look. She feared to behold the road-agent, a prisoner in their midst, or else to see him borne along, lifeless, by their hands.

Her fears were idle, for Overland Kit had escaped the hot pursuit.

The crowd surged up to the door of the

The crowd surged up to the door of the

saloon, and Bernice heard the conversation that had ensued between Ginger Bill and Judge Jones, relative to the escape of the outlaw. Then she heard the Judge's demand for volunteers.

Again Bernice trembled, and again her cheek grew pale. In the simple words of the Judge she scented danger.

"Can he have guessed the truth, which has seemingly baffled all other eyes but mine?" she mused, anxiously.

She watched the little party proceed on their mission. How strange is the quick instinct that dwells in the breast of a woman! Without any reason for her belief—without being able to tell why or wherefore—the thought flashed through her mind that the expedi-tion of Judge Jones and his four volunteers

boded danger to the man whom she had boldly declared she loved—Injun Dick. Although the Judge and his men had been swallowed up in the darkness, yet still Bernice watched eagerly from the win-

She listened to the conversation of the miners, who were gathered in a little group in front of the saloon, discussing the late affray. She heard the opinion expressed:
"Since Yellow Jim went fur Big-nosed Smith, 'cos he said as how he was the first coyote to strike pay-dirt in Wildcat No. 1, it war the liveliest leetle time I've see'd."

This by a veteran miner—one of the origial Californian "diggers." Bernice, carried away by the excitement of the moment, had never thought of cosing the door of her apartment, which had been kicked open by the crowd in pursuit of

the road-agent. And as she leaned out of the window, listening to the talk of the crowd beneath, she was unconscious that her room was plunged in darkness, and that the door was wide

One thought alone occupied her mindthe fate of the man known as Overland Kit to the miners, but to her as Patrick Gwyne, the long-lost cousin, whom she had followed from the far Atlantic coast. The rustle of a woman's dress within her

room, and the flame of a candle illuminating the darkness that surrounded her, caused Bernice to withdraw her attention from the rowd beneath the window Bernice withdrew her head from the open sement, and turning around, beheld the

girl, Jinnie, standing, with a lighted candle in her hand, in the center of the room. "I'm very sorry, Miss, that they should have disturbed you by entering your room so roughly," said Jinnie, picking the candle up from the floor where Kit had thrown it, and placing it on the table, then lighting it by the flame of the candle that she held in

her hand. I suppose the excitement under which they were laboring excuses every thing," Bernice replied, gazing with curiosity upon the face of the young girl.

A strange contrast there was between the two. Bernice, with her handsome face and the air which bespoke the breeding of a ady, and Jinnie, the wild-flower, who had been reared amid the rough life of the mines; her face thin, and a look of shrewdness about the eyes and mouth that told of self-reliance, and a knowledge and courage

"Yes, Miss, I suppose so," Jinnie said, apparently not noticing the attention with which Bernice was regarding her, "I can't understand what got into Judge Jones. He came into the saloon with the rest at his heels, and asked where Dick Talbot was. I told him that he had gone out just after supper, and had said that he was going up to Gopher Gully to have a little fun with the boys there. Then the Judge said that I must be mistaken; that he was sure he was in the house; and he and his men started up-stairs at once. I asked Ginger Bill—that's the man with the red beard who drove the coach the night you came in, Miss-what the fuss was, and he said the Judge was after the road-agent, Overland Kit, and he s'posed he wanted Talbot to go with him. Injun Dick, you know, is looked up to by all the miners, pretty near. I followed the Judge right up-stairs, and I heard 'em talk about searching the rooms. The Judge asked me which was Dick's room. I told him right away that there wasn't any use of looking there, because you had the room; but I might just as well have talked to a lot of stones, for all the good it did. One of the men kicked open the door, and after that, of course, you know all that happened "Yes," Bernice replied, absently. The words of the girl confirmed the thought regarding Judge Jones' action that had come

Did this road-agent try to rob you, Miss ? Jinnie asked "No; he came to warn me," Bernice re-plied, and then she looked earnestly into

her mind. "Do you know any thing about this Overland Kit?"

Jinnie looked astonished at the question.
"Why, no; how should I?" she asked.
Bernice was satisfied. Jinnie was ignorant as to who and what the outlaw really was. She had not guessed the mystery that surrounded Overland Kit.

surrounded Overland Kit.

"I can't understand how he got into the house, either," Jinnie said. "He must have crept in the back way when there wasn't any one around. I'll try and not have you disturbed again, Miss." Then Jinnie stood and looked for a moment, wistfully, into Bernice's face. It was evident that she wanted to say something more.

wanted to say something more. Bernice noticed the expression upon the face of the other, and waited for the ques-

tion; but it did not come.
"Good-night, Miss," Jinnie said, abruptly,

"Good-night, Miss," Jimme said, abruptly, and turning, she left the room.
"Good-night," Bernice replied.
The door closing, Bernice was once more left alone. She sat silent in thought. She asked herself if it were not possible that she had made some terrible mistake; if the suscicion which had allowed in the said. picion which she had allowed to take full

possession of her mind was not rather the creation of a morbid fancy than actual truth, warranted by circumstances.

But the questions were in vain; she could not shake the belief that had so completely taken possessions from

How long she remained silent in thought she knew not; but, judging from the extent of the candle that had been eaten up by the

flame, it was some hours.

Although the time was fast verging to midnight, sleep seemed a stranger to her eyes. The ceaseless spirit of unrest that had taken possession of her brain forbade all

thoughts or wish for slumber.
But at last, with a sigh, she rose to her feet, and prepared to disrobe for the night.

The street without was hushed into silence. Spur City was preparing for sleep.
Then, suddenly, on the still night-air, came the tramp of many feet and the hum of voices. With a terrible foreboding tugging at her heart, Bernice again ran to the

window.
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 68.)

All About a Prophecy.

THE newspapers are publishing a "Prophecy of Nostradamus," a wise man of Provence, who died three hundred years ago, leaving as a legacy a string of verses which foretold all the great warlike movements of the present year; that is to say, he left this poetic prophecy if some waggish Chatterton has not since invented it which Chatterton has not since invented it, which is more than likely. Nevertheless, the prophecy is an interesting production, if for no other reason than its setting of war to

The poet—no matter whether Nostradamus or a forger—tells us that: When the figures of the century
Added and doubled both agree,
And seven tens the years decree,
Apollyon in the West shall rise
His haughty head in grand emprise;
Ruins shall mark his fierce advance,
War in his mien, death in his glance;
His engines of destruction dire
Shall fill the air with bolts of fire,
His metal ships shall scour the flood,
And turn the river's course with blood.

What could be more explicit? The What could be more explicit? The figures of the century are 18; added and doubled, or multiplied, they are 1 and 8—9, and 9x2—18; and the seven tens are 70; result: 1870. Perfectly clear, as an arithmetical proposition simply. Then Apollyon is evidently the ruler of Russia, disrespectful though it may be to style the Czar Satan, and it is certain that he intends to do all he threatens to do, unless somebody do all he threatens to do, unle should stop him — and who will do it? Therefore we may prepare to hear news of

"blood" and "ruins."

The war in France, the capture of Rome, and the elevation of Victor Emanuel's son to the throne of Italy, come next in or-

der in the prophetic utterance: Two Kings in Gaul and Italy, Three crowns shall bear, thrice-chosen be The eagle empires then shall war, And spread their desolation far; And spread their desolation far;
The one that most on others preyed,
Shall be defeated and dismayed.
The one that warred for fancied fame,
Shall lose his Kingdom and his name.
The North shall come like beasts of prey,
The South shall mingle in the fray;
The East shall Memnon's statue raise,
The Crescent waning shall decay
Before the beams of the new day.

The theoretical state of decay to the control of the shall shall decay.

The Turk, therefore, is to decay, and great cities in Europe are to "blaze" Things generally are to go on from bad to worse, till England is bound and Ireland free, and then, everybody who could make mischief having been comfortably killed off, the condition of affairs related below is to put the world at peace:

Heaven shall then its brooding wings Fold o'er all sublunar things; Men united know no war, Liberty their beacon star; O'er the land and o'er the seas Shall be one universal peace. Then Apoliyon's legions dead, Then the King with triple head, Shall no more his fatal sway Over men hold day by day; Their sun in blood forever set, They'll be forgot as they forget.

Journalists, readers of newspapers, and overs of sensational literature, will rejoice at the prospect of getting exciting news be-fore the Grand Peace; for if all the won-derful things which are here prophesied come to pass, there will be ample material for "Extras," and an uncommonly brisk demand for them.

Ground of a War .- A certain king, it is said, sent to another king, saying, "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—" The other, in a high dudgeon at the presumed insult, replied: "I have not got one; and if I had—" On this weighty cause they went to war for many years. After a satiety of glories and miseries, they finally bethought them that as their armies and resources were exhausted, and their kingdoms mutually laid waste, it might be well to consult about the preliminaries of peace; but before this could be concluded, a diplomatic explanation was first needed of the insulting language which formed the ground of the quarrel. "What could you mean," asked the second king of the first, "by saying, 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—'?" "Why," said the other, "I meant a blue pig with a black tail, or else some other color. But," retorted he, "what could you mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had—'?" "Why, of course, if I had, I should have sent it," an explanaplied, and then she looked earnestly into tion which was entirely satisfactory, and Jinnie's face; a strange thought had entered peace was concluded accordingly.





NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1871.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the Units taxes and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direc-by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the followin

Terms to Subscribers: \$1.00

months - \$3.00

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TWO NOVELTIES!

We have in hand, soon to appear-The Boy Clown, A ROMANCE OF THE TENT AND RING!

AND ALSO: THE SURF ANGEL. A TALE OF THE FLORIDA REEFS.

Both are not only novelties but real sensationscapital as stories and pervaded with elements of in terest new and peculiar LIFE IN THE RING

is portrayed with such startling truthfulness that the reader sees at once the writer himself must be a denizen of the Tent-which is the fact.

THE BOY CLOWN acts well his part as a clown, but he also acts another part "not set down in the bills," which threads the narrative with a silver woof. Look out for it!

THE SURF ANGEL is decidedly a new story in a new eld, with picturesque adjuncts, and characters in keeping with a romance of reef. The Surf Angel, as a veritable Grace Darling or Ida Lewis, skims the stormy sea, and, in saving human life finds her fate. Life on the isolated spot is a strange one; but the history of the Hermit of the Reefs is stranger still. All the several features of the story contribute to highten an interest which from the first is absorbing. It is a star story!

Foolscap Papers. Among the Fejees.

I REMEMBER well when my ministerial friend, Pentateuch, heard the call from the Fejee Islands, by the Pacific Railroad (you will observe that these classical islands of the blest are in the western suburbs of San Francisco), and how affectionately he took leave of me, and went to be a missionary He took a great many articles along with him as presents to the natives. I selected them for him myself, as I had unbounded knowledge of that blessed place, and knew the requirements of the natives. There was a threshing machine, cylinder escapement, six octave, with notes simplified to assist beginners to play on it, and designed to be used at the public concerts of the chief; three old coal-scuttles and an empty keg for accompaniments to sentimental native singers; some patent-office reports, translated the original Greek; some books of short-hand for the amusement of the chief; copies of Proverbial Tupper; some old umheathen ladies; seven barrels of soft soap to be used as dessert at their feasts; bolts of red tape, to make dresses for Feeje

belles; overripe eggs, guns without locks, etc The old king gave him a cordial welcome and said he was very glad to see him, as the last supply of missionaries had run out some time back, and that he would have him dressed and prepared for supper immediate ly, but our missionary tried to get up a re-ligious discussion with the king, hoping he might be led to change his mind, and he did succeed in getting the king greatly excited over the true meaning of the word baptiz which the king maintained meant no more water than a slight sprinkle, and said that he in fact would allow no other doctrine in his dominion, for he didn't want any of his subjects to get wet, and thereby break the old established usage which was handed down from their forefathers. No, sir; when it took his people such a long time to get so dirty, he would never consent to have it all spoilt on account of a little misunder standing of a Latin word. My friend then made a little speech, presenting him with the threshing machine, and about fifty men were set to working the thing, and the king was so highly delighted with it and the music it made that he caught the missionary around the neck, blew his nose on his coa tail, and bit a piece out of his shoulder, and pronounced him mighty good, and said he hadn't half enough of him, but he wouldn't eat him all up now, and that he should immediately sup with him on a spring baby roasted, dried missionary served with softsoap, and eggs with questionable characters and also presented him with three Fejeean femininities, of hardly the angelic order of architecture, for wives. The excessive liteness and condescension of the old king rather set my sensitive friend back, and in stead of getting on his knees and humbly thanking him for his thoughtfulness, he re spectfully declined the offer. The king said something about making a hasty fire and having a nice little fry. My friend recollected that Paul had said it were better to marry than burn, but he told the king that he would prefer to make a meal-odious meal -rather than marry so much at a time he would roast. The king grew enraged at this foolish breach of Fejeean hospitality, and stormed, but my friend pulled those fe males' arms from around his neck, and somewhat appeased the wrath of the old king by presenting him with a grindstone, which the king set to work to turn, and got so carried away with the squeak of it that he kept turning it all night, even forgetting the roasted baby and his anger.

My friend said he didn't find a dress maker or a tailor among them, as their principal apparel consisted wholly of tattoos of the latest cut, and the most elegant patterns. Their work-day and Sunday clothes were the same, with perhaps a thicker coating of butter on their hair on Sundays.

They were people of very fine taste, and were very particular in regard to whom they ate, and their principal failing was I

missionaries, furnished through the kindness of the Board of Foreign Missions, and who, instead of converting the natives, were usually converted by the natives-into fine

When missionaries were scarce they made foraging expeditions into a neighboring tribe and brought in a supply of the most juicy and tender of them to last them awhile; but these were not their preference. He found the natives hopelessly backward in geometry, women's rights, etc., and generally mum on the great questions of the hour: "What do I know about farmthe hour: "What do I know about farming?" "Will the coming man drink lager?" and "Who struck the Hon. Wilhelm Pat-

They playfully painted my friend black the second day he was there, and he was occasionally subjected to such little annoy ances as having an ear taken off now and then, a hole punched in his nose and a fish-bone inserted, etc., and was continually on the point of being taken in by the sharp na-tives—that is, roasted and taken in.

My friend was shocked to see them use their Testaments to sharpen their razors on —a practice which he had thought was only confined to enlightened communities—and the progress of his mission among them seemed to be a good deal slower than it was sure, and his stout heart grew discouraged, and he jumped aboard of the next ship that got close to the island by mistake, and was pursued by a Fejee belle, to whom he had thoughtlessly given an old umbrella-frame. She had fallen in love with him, and swam was hundred miles often the shire. one hundred miles after the ship.

My friend thinks the best way to civilize the islands would be to introduce modern fashions there to kill them off, and then send a new colony there. He says it's a fejee-ty place to live in.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

The Romance of the Chase!

We have in hand a series of papers that will give xceeding pleasure, viz:

SPORTING SCENES; THE ROMANCE OF HUNTERS' LIFE.

BY S. M. FRAZIER.

Comprising chapters on the Polar Bear: the Caribou; the Black Bear; the Moose; the Beaver; the Wolf; the Buffalo (or Bison); the Wild Horse; the Brown Bear; the Musk Ox; the Elk; the Deer; the Mountain Sheep; the Antelope, etc., etc. These chapters, while instructive as to the habits and nature of the animals, are chiefly stories of adventure in their chase and capture; and contain matters of the rarest and most novel interest. The entire se ries has been prepared expressly for us by a most competent hand-one who largely knows of what he writes; and that the readers of the SATURDAY JOUR-NAL will welcome each chapter of the series with avidity we can well believe.

NO.

A very little word, and yet one that a great many people in this world find very difficult to pronounce.

The youth at school, when asked to join his play-fellows in some nocturnal expedition, the objective point of which is a farmer's apple-orchard or watermelon-patch, finds that it is a very hard word to say "no," although his better judgment tells him that he had better not go. But then, his fears of what his associates will say, urge him on. He doesn't like to be called a coward; few boys—or men either, for that matter-like to pass a "dare" tamely over. The boy goes, commits what he knows to be a wrong, simply because he hasn't the

The young man in business, just getting his head above the surface of the rushing tide of trade, is called upon by a friend in a great hurry.

Just put your name on the back of this

It's all right, of course. The drawer of the note is perfectly sound-"good as wheat;" only a little accommodation, that's all. Yet, even at the very moment when the friend is urging the indorsement of the note, he may be perfectly aware that the state of his business is such, that the chances are ten to one against his taking up the

The young tradesman has never learned how to say, "no." He hesitates for a moment, but finally indorses the paper. When the note becomes due, and the payment comes on him, he bitterly repents the weak ness that led him to commit the act of folly Perhaps the consequence of his not saying no" is utter financial ruin.

The author of the great modern essay on arming, estimates that he has lost about two hundred thousand dollars by indorsing notes and aiding friends. In fact, besides his money, he has lost almost all confidence in the honesty of mankind

It is said, that when a stranger now succeeds in gaining admittance to his sanctum and solicits the loan of five dollars to carry him home, promising to return the same the moment he reaches the aforesaid home, our "future president" looks at him with a beaming smile on his benevolent face, and remarks: "I may lend you the money, but I know very well that I shall never see it again. I have lent a great deal of money to a great many people in small sums, and only one man has ever sent me back my money after reaching his home."

A few years ago, a man holding a high position among the rulers of our Republic was approached by a prominent railroad man. The politician needed money for party purposes.

Just write an order to sell a few millions of gold and you shall have all the money you require," said the railroad man.
"No!" thundered the public "party" an honest man, though a politician.

The railroad king retired in disgust. The public impression is, that there are very few of our politicians who would have Sir Horace Walpole's famous saying was

every man has his price. A venial and corrupt trickster himself, he disbelieved in honesty in others; yet, if his-tory be true, he met many a man he could not buy-who could say "no.

Human nature is a glorious thing, despite its imperfections. Look at the long list of religious martyrs who perished at the stake, simply because they had the courage to say "no," when asked to give up their religion.

"On earth, the martyr's grave; in heaven, the saintly crown." To the young, starting in life, we say, have the little word, "no," right at the tip of your tongue. When friend or enemy,

kinsman or stranger, asks you to commit a wrong, throw "no" right at the head of the offending party. We have known a well directed "no" to almost knock an evil fellow down.

It's a terribly effective weapon when rightly used, that same little word "no."
Of course it can be badly used, also. The wily politician used it badly when he re-plied, "no," to the demand of the people for retrenchment and reform. But with the honest man, "no" is a capital weapon against all sorts of roguery.

RULES FOR PARENTS.

As the result of close observation, and the study of cause and effect, I am able to give the following rules for the guidance of parents. They are warranted to produce the alleged result, if carefully followed.

The first thing to be done is to make the child understand that you are master. The new-fangled ideas about governing in love and gentleness, appealing to the reason of children, etc., is all nonsense. Learn them that they must obey because you are parent, and, by virtue of this relationship, absolute despot; and no matter what you require of them it must be performed unquestioningly. Never explain to them the whys and where fores of any thing—children are nothing but children, and all they want is somebody to give them orders that they may have the blessed privilege of obeying. If they make any remarks to you, revealing a knowledge of any remissness of duty, or failure in judgment on your part, or if in any argu-ment they should, as children have a disagreeable way of doing, get the better of you, or prove your position fallacious, at once very sternly tell them they are "sassy."

When a child, I used to wonder what being "sassy" was, but I have since learned that to prove a parent fallacious is to commit this heinous crime. Sauce is a very convenient thing in families. It offers a way of escape that parents can take advantage of without in any way compromising their dignity. It very effectually damps the triumphant ardor of the children, too, and is altogether good, as it enables you to always come off victorious, no matter how

utterly you have been defeated. Never take any pains to understand your children. If a child is so inconsiderate as to be born with a peculiar disposition, let it take the consequences. It is clearly no duty of yours to try to comprehend its peculiar requirements so as to administer to them. Feed it when it is hungry, and whip it when it is naughty—that is all you need to do. If, under this kind of treatment, it is not always gentle and amiable, lecture it severely on the evil of its ways, assure it, at least three times a day, that it is the worst child you ever had, and that it is the cause of unlimited trouble to you. Be patient and persevering in this mode of treatment, and you will at last bring it to a realizing. sense of its utter depravity in being born with such a disposition—something for which you were in no wise to blame.

Cultivate a harsh, peremptory manner of speaking to your children. It will cause them to become impressed with a deep sense of your importance and to mind with great alacrity. If you see one of them getting into mischief, scream out to it, in a shrill falsetto: "Come away instantly, or I will go there and help you away!" I do not know of any thing that is better calculated to keep children in a calm, natural state of mind than this.

Punish them severely for every slight fault—if they are not punished for every misdemeanor, they will be spoiled. Talking kindly to children about a fault doesn't amount to any thing. The only argument hey can appreciate is the whip. Alway manage to punish them before strangers it keeps them from having too deep a sense of their own importance. Humiliation is a ood thing, and children can not have too much of it.

If you chastise them for a sin they never committed, and afterward find it out, do not mention the matter to them, even if you are aware that they know you have ascertained that they were guiltless. This will impress them with a sense of your justice and loveliness. Besides, if you should admit your mistake to them, they would be sure to imbibe the idea that you were not perfect, and so lose confidence in you. Avoid this error carefully.

Always hold yourself above the level of your children; for parents to descend to them shows great weakness. Be stiff and distant always; never sympathize with them in any thing; to do that would be derogatory to your dignity. If, when they arrive at young man and womanhood, they are not disposed to confide in you concern ing their aims, their hopes, fears, disappointments and loves, you have a good right to feel hurt. After all you have done for them, for them to set you aside so completely, and pursue their several ways without your counsel is hard indeed. But, it is like the world; there is nothing but ingratitude everywhere, and parents must receive their

If you have occasion to strike a child, always strike it on the head. Very many foolish and stupid children have been made highly intellectual by this method of pun-

ishment. If you send a child anywhere with an errand, and it is gone a longer time than would suffice for it to walk straight there and back, begin the moment it enters the house to upbraid it for staying away, do not allow it a chance to explain the cause of delay, if any reasonable one there was children cannot be trusted out of sight, any

way, and it is best to let them know it. Finally, learn them that the more they stay away from home out of the way, the better you will be pleased. No matter where they go so that they do not bother you. If, however, they get into mischiefstone any one's hogs, or rob their orchards punish them very severely, and feel heart-broken that, despite the great pains you have taken to rear your children well, they are so bad. It is perfectly natural and right that you feel so. It is one of the mysteries of life that children will turn out badly when their training has been excellent and without fault; but, so it is!

LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

A JUNE JAUNT.

THE THIMBLES

In Long Island Sound, near the village of Stony Creek, in the township of Brantford, State of Connecticut, lies a group of islands which are called the Thimbles.

The reason for this strange name lies, probably, in the fact that the islands are

huge masses of rocks, crowned with trees, rising abruptly from the water in a conical-shaped form. The larger of the islands do not look unlike gigantic thimbles, composed of rock and two-thirds covered by the wa-

There are said to be three hundred and sixty-five Thimbles in all, counting the ledges of rock visible at low water. As many islands as there are days in the year.

It is a really wonderful fact that, wher-

ever you go, all over the world, and come to a large number of little islands grouped together, there always happens to be just three hundred and sixty-five of them—one for every day in the year. Probably some of the days would feel aggrieved if they did n't have an island.

We are under the impression that a good many very little rock-ledges would have to be counted as "full-grown islands" to swell the number of the Thimbles to three hun-

dred and sixty-five.

The Thimbles bear all sorts of strange names, viz: Money Island, the largest of the group, and holding quite a little village of people in the summer-time; Cut-in-Two Island—owned by a New Haven club of gentlemen; Great Pumpkin, Little Pump-kin, Two Tree Island, Clam Island, Eel

The Thimbles are quite renowned in lo-cal tradition as having been, in the early times of the colonies, the rendezvous of the famous pirate, Captain Kyd.

A little bay even now bears the name of "Kyd's Harbor."

Kyd's history is a strange one. He lived in the early colonial times, and was a cap-tain in the English service. The colonial waters were infested by pirates, and Kyd was dispatched to exterminate them. But the unscrupulous sailor came to the speedy conclusion that, instead of making war upon the pirates, it would be a great deal bet-

ter for him to turn pirate himself!

He acted promptly upon this resolution.

Nailing the black flag to his mast-head, he became the terror of the coast.

Many a Dutch lugger, freighted with a rich cargo for the worthy burghers of New Amsterdam—the New York of to-day—be-

came the prize of the freebooter.

The mothers of Manhattan hushed their babes to sleep with the dreaded name of

But, after years of reckless plundering, and of bloody deeds, the hour of retribution

After a terrible sea-fight, Kyd was taken by an English frigate, and, at a rope-end, paid the penalty due to outraged law. Kyd, during his buccaneering life, was reported to have accumulated vast treasures of gold and precious stones, the spoils of his victims. But, when the pirate was

taken, none of his treasures was found.
Wild and marvelous stories of Kyd's
treasure floated through the colonies. Old gossips told, how, at the dead of night, on some sandy bar or rocky ledge, the pirate excavated a hole and buried therein his great stores of wealth—huge bars of virgin gold, stamped with the royal arms of Spain and wrested from the deeply freighted galleon in southern seas, when the mystic cross shone bright in the heavens; glittering bars of silver from the South American mines; golden coin of all denominations and of all lands, each little piece purchased at the cost of human blood; glittering gems, fit for a king's ransom and worthy the diadem of an East Indian princess, were placed in iron coffers and then buried in the depths of the earth. Then, on the spot, Kyd stabbed a slave to the heart, and, with many strange and mystic rites, flung his body in on top of the treasures, so that his spirit might guard them and scare away any daring mortal who had the courage to search for the buried treasure of the pirate.

Kyd died without leaving sign of where he had concealed his wealth. And from the day of his execution to the present time, many men who are seeking a ' to wealth, have vainly searched for

the treasures of the pirate. Money island was indicated among other blaces as the spot where Kyd had concealed his ill-gotten spoils. From the common report of this, the island probably received its

It is only a few years ago that a small party of believers in the existence of Kyd's treasure landed on Money island, and, with a "magic rod"—warranted to show the spot where the gold was buried - com-

menced to dig.

After a few hours' toil, they became frightened lest some one should see them and interfere with their object: so they postponed operations until the night set in Then, again, the digging commenced. The hours passed away and still the toilers delved. Suddenly their picks struck on a hard substance. A general cry arose that it was the iron chest that held the treasure The picks were plied with double when a hollow groan came from the hole and a shadowy form stood by their side Nothing doubting that it was the spirit of the slave who guarded the pirate's treasure, the seekers fled to their boats in wild haste!

When they returned in the morning and examined the hole, they found a ledge of rock there, but no iron chest. The people of the mainland who had seen

the searchers after wealth depart, and no-ticed that a gallon jug of whisky formed part of their provisions, gravely asserted that the only spirits they had seen were those that they carried with them.

I suppose it is hardly necessary to remark that Kyd's treasure has not yet been dis-

The seeker after health will find that a week or two spent among the Thimbles will not be wasted. There is a capital hotel on the mainland at Stony Creek, the "Indian Point House," kept by Mr. Frink.

The oysters, "native and to the manor born," at Stony Creek, are famous fellows, almost as large as one's hand and possessing a flavor that needs neither salt, pepper nor vinegar in addition.

Around the outer ledges, beyond Two Tree Island, the ugly and leathern-mouthed blackfish swims; also the game and boldbiting sea-bass, the very king of all saltwater fish, who is as sweet to the taste as he is handsome to the eyes. Within the harbor, under the shadows of the rocks, where the Thimbles rise almost perpendicular from the water, lurks the gamey seaperch, with his dorsal fin, needle-pointed the noble sea-prince, whom dunderheads term a "cunny," but who will afford fine sport to the angler who believes in quality rather than quantity. And, with the tide, even up to the hotel dock, comes the "tremulous eel," full a pound and a quarter in weight. With such attractions as these the Thimbles are well worth a visit. A. W. A.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MS, postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book Ms., and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; "blird, length, of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Can make no use of MS. by J. A. M., Jr. No stamps for return. It is long drawn out, as to story, and imperfect as a composition.—The poem by W. B. C. we may use, with some slight corrections.—"The Fatal Witness" and "On the Brink," by Mrs. M. R. C., we can use—having changed titles in both MSS.—"Doomed Sentinels" is not available. MS. quite imperfect as a composition. No stamps.—Can make no use of "Adventure with Mad Bull." No stamps.—Dito, poem, "Cruel Ocean,"—Will use "Clara's Love Story,"—Also, "Bill Grady's Friend;" "Plum Center;" "The Buffalo Hunt;" "Rena's Jealousy;" "The Dead Alive."—We can make no use of poems "Celeste" and "Ambrosia." They are not quite as clear as Mississippi water, nor as deep as a well, in poetic attributes.—The story, "Generous Hands and Empty Hearts," is rather trite. It will answer for some 'Ladies' Magazine, which makes a specialty of Laura Matida literature. ilda literature.

INEZ GROOF. 'Il Penseroso' is one of its great author's best productions. It argues well for your taste that you like it.

LIZZIE M. Lord Byron may have been maligned by Mrs. Stowe, but he is no person for sentimental girls to waste their pity on. "Covering his sins with a vail," simply means' be a moral leper, but only write sweet rhymes and we'll overlook your wickedness.' How does that sound? It is your 'philosophy' when you put it in common sense phrase.

phrase.

Ever Free. We like your ideas of independence, but don't go so far with it as to scorn public sentiment on the proprieties. Some women, we know, take a kind of pride in scorning this public sentiment; but almost without exception there is, in such persons, something both unlovable and suspicious. You can not too sacredly guard the honor of good repute among men.

good repute among men.

HERBERT TENNESSEE. You can not "learn the printing business" in two years. It makes no difference what any trades union says about apprenticeships. A good thorough mechanic, in any branch or trade, is only made such by a systematic apprenticeship, averaging from three to five years. The reason why we have so many "botch" mechanics among us is the absence of a good system of apprenticeship.

Ina V. King. Paul Du Chaillu can be addressed through Osgood & Co., Boston. We believe the great Gorilla hunter is now arranging for another trip to Africa.

rip to Africa.

Have returned MS. to D. P., as per stamped envelope inclosed. We had, upon second thought, decided to give the poem place in "Our Omnibus," but return it for use by the author, elsewhere. It is well worthy of use.

Chas, E. Swanton. We are glad to have canvassers introduce this Journal and our other publications. A good business can be done by enterprising persons in selling our books and in getting subscribers to the Saturday Journal.. The DIME BOOKS are popular and salable, in all sections.

E. L. T. asks for the publication addresses of a number of papers. Most of those named in his list are published in this city. A visit to any good news stand in his town will give him all necessary special information.

Maggie J. We know of no work on Millinery and Dressmaking that is more thoroughly practical than Beadle's Dime Dressmaker and Millinery Guide. But you never can learn "the business" without practice in some good shop where all kinds of fabrics are made up. Six months in such a school of instruction, aided by the little volume Just referred to, will make you quite an adept.

BENJ P. B. wants our coming a horse regime.

Benj. P. B. wants our opinion of horse-racing. He shall have it. It is villainously expensive as a luxury, and expensively villainous as a moral persuader. It begets "fast" men, and grows fast vices faster than the preacher can corral them. It breeds idleness, gambling and pickpockets. It is bad on the horse but worse on the man; and the fact that horse-racing and betting has become a fashionable pastime only shows what power "fashion" has to corrupt and debase. Run away from the race-course instead of toward it!

CARRIE JONES. The beautiful new aniline colors are the most exquisite of any ever discovered, but, not being permanent, or "standing," they can not be used in fabrics requiring washing, or those much exposed to the sun. Every effort to "fix" the colors has thus far, we believe, been a failure.

colors has thus far, we believe, been a failure.

J. N. S. Wecan supply you with Nos. 35 to 42 and
45. The JOURNAL from No. 1 to 35-34 numbers, will cost you \$1.70. The constant demand for the back numbers of the Wolf Demon fully sustains us in our assertion that it is one of the best Indian stories that has ever been written. Mr. Albert W. Aiken may well be proud of the success of his now famous serial.

famous serial.

S. S. No; the novel of the Scalp Hunters will not be published in the Journal. We can supply it in book-form, price 20cts. Your writing is very good, fully up to "par."

FORT UNION. We do not know any thing about the person that you inquire about, but have an idea that he is not reliable. Consult the surgeon of your post.

post.

Rustro. We can not discover where the popular saying in regard to a white hat came from, or why the wearer of the article aforesaid should be accused of stealing a donkey, by the street urchins. The saying is a very ancient one. For years the wearer of a white hat has been obliged to bear considerable ridicule. The following lines, from an old English source, are evidently intended as an answer to some bantering question regarding the wearing of a white hat:

"You sak me the reason I wear a white hat."

white hat:

'You ask me the reason I wear a white hat;
'Tis for lightness I wear it, what think you of that?
So light is its weight, that no headache I rne,
So light its expense that it wears me out two;
So light its its color that it never looks dusty,
So light though I treat it, it never 'rides rusty;'
So light in its fashion, its shape and its air,
So light in its sit, its fit and its wear;
So light in its turning, its twisting and twining,
So light in its beaver, its binding and lining;
So light to a figure, so light to a letter,
And if light my excuse, you may light on a better."

Number asks if it would be advisable for her to

NURSE asks if it would be advisable for her to come to New York in the capacity of nurse. Not nuless you have a situation to come to. Consult the New York dailies and answer the advertisements. New York, like all other great cities, is full of people out of employment. You stand fully as good a chance for procuring a situation here, by remaining where you are, and answering the adversements.

J. M., Toledo. You can procure all back numbers of the JOURNAL by addressing this office. Nos. 1 to 23 and No. 44—twenty-four numbers in all, will cost you \$1.20.

1 to 28 and No. 44—twenty-four numbers in all, will cost you \$1.20.

Brindsi writes: "Can you give me an idea whence comes the sensibility of touch in the blind?" Yes; it is from practice and the habits of association between the touch, memory and judgment. Stanley, the famous English organist, and many other blind musicians, have been the best performers of their time; and the blind discriminate sounds at a distance with infinitely more precision than persons who depend upon their usual organs. Perhaps the most notable instances are: Miss Chambers, a blind school-mistress, at Nottingham, England, and Professor Sanderson. Miss Chambers could discern that two boys were playing in a dietant part of the room, instead of studying their books, though a person who saw them, but made no use of his ears, could not perceive that they made the slightest noise, and in this way she kept a most orderly school. Professor Sanderson could, in a few moments, tell how many people were in a mixed company, and presently discriminate their sexes by the mere rustling of their clothes. Stanley and other blind people played at cards by delicately pricking them with a pin. A French lady could dance in figure dances, sew tambour, and thread her needle. The ear, too, guides as to distances, by reflection of sound; and it is related that, not very long since, there was a blind man in Derbyshire, England, who was a surveyor and planner of roads. When a sense is wanting the others are cultivated with care, to make up the deficiency as far as possible.

Injun Dick asks: "Will you state what wages a first-class carriage-builder can make on the average.

INJUN DICK asks: "Will you state what wages a first-class carriage-builder can make on the average, and would you advise a young man to learn the trade? From four to five dollars per day; of course it depends greatly upon the workman. We think it an excellent trade for young man to learn.

To Unanswered questions on hand will appearant week.



LOVELY AND NOBLE.

BY FRANK S. FINN.

You say she is lovely— Pray is it the taste She bestows on her dress, Or the very small waist That a belt doth compress? Does this make her lovely?

You say she is noble— Does she toss her head high, And sneer, as she goes On the poor passer-by, Who weareth poor clothes? Does this make her noble?

You say she hath virtues-She's noble, not proud, She's lovely, not vain, She gives to the crowd, She relieveth the pain: Yes, she is lovely and noble.

Strange Stories.

THE KNIGHT OF STAFFLEHAUSEN;

THE SPIRIT OF THE WATERS.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

BY AGILE PENNE.

The knight rides on alone; He rideth ever beside the river, although the day be done."

THE full round moon gleamed down upon the shining river, that, like a silver band, wound its way amid the gray rocks and somber foliage.

Beside the river rode a horseman—a

young and handsome knight, with his long yellow hair and blue eyes; pure type of the old Germanic race.

He was called Otto of Stafflehausen; a scion was he of one of the old German families, who had held their heads up proudly when the Austrian Hapsburgs were but paltry knights. But for two years Sir Otto and misfortune had gone hand in

There were two branches to the Staffle-There were two branches to the Staffle-hausen family. Bitter was the strife as to which branch belonged the family domain. Division of the property was not thought of by either of the contesting parties; "all or none," the motto of both. But, by valiant deeds, Sir Otto's father—good Sir Rupert—won the favor of the German emperor, Rudolph of Hapsburg, and a royal patent confirmed his claim to the family castle.

Ten years Sir Rupert held the family do-

Ten years Sir Rupert held the family domain in peace; then the French brought fire and sword along the Rhine. Sir Rupert field before the enemy, carrying the precious royal grant in an iron casket. Swimming the Rhine in his flight, a wave sucked him from his horse's back; burdened with the weighty iron casket, he sunk to rise no more. The royal patent that gave Stafflehausen Tower to Sir Rupert's line was buried in

the river.
Unluckily for Sir Rupert's heir, just at this critical moment the German emperor, Rudolph, died, and was succeeded by his son, Albert II. He favored the claim of the other branch of the Stafflehausen family.

His decision was quickly given.
"Let Sir Otto—Sir Rupert's heir—produce the royal patent granted by my father to his father, and the Tower of Staffle-hausen is his. If he can not do this, my judgment is that the estate goes to Sir Con-

Sir Conrad represented the other branch

of the family.

Now, as the emperor knew perfectly well that the royal patent was snugly lodged at the bottom of the Rhine, and that he might as well ask Sir Otto to give him the moon as the royal grant, unless some water-spirit ed him, of course he was well aware that he gave the Tower of Stafflehausen outright to Sir Conrad. But, he wished to avoid the appearance of injustice toward

the unfortunate heir.

The emperor was a wise and politic ruler, as this action proved.
So, as Sir Otto rode along he looked wist-

fully at the shining river.

For two years the young man had left no means untried to recover the precious casket He had employed the most famous divers in the world. Only one little omen of hope had he had.

One day the chief diver rushed into the room in the little inn by the river's bank, which was now Sir Otto's home. water was streaming from his clothing—he didn't wear much. On his face was a look of joy and a goodly quantity of yellow mud from the bottom of the river. You have found something!" gasped

Sir Otto, trembling with excitement.
"We have!" yelled the diver in triumph.
"The casket?"

'No; your father's body!

Sir Otto was disappointed. He gave the remains of his aged sire decent burial though; but quietly told the divers that if they found the horse to let it stay, as he couldn't afford the expense of another funeral.

But the end was reached at last—the end

of Sir Otto's money.
"No pay, no dive!" declared the watermen. They were as good as their word, and retired in a body.

Sir Otto despaired at last. And now he was riding to take a last farewell of the Lady Una, the only daughter of the fat

Sir Otto and Una had been betrothed for many a year; but as the time approached for their union, the unfortunate affair of the royal grant occurred. Sir Otto's cousin. Sir Conrad, was also a suitor for Una's hand, and the crafty Von Kiefnels waited to see which of the young men would pos-

sess the family estate. Sir Otto found Una in tears. The lovers met on the sward in the moonlight, just under the shadows of Kiefnels Castle

"Why do you weep, sweet one?" inquired Otto, anxiously, as he folded the weeping maiden to his manly bosom, which was covered by a very ragged doublet; for the young knight had spent all his money in paying the divers, not in buying new

My father forbids me to see theemore,' sobbed the maiden.
"The fat, tyrannical old fool!" cried

"Hush! Remember that he is my father!"

moaned Una. "I do remember. But for that fact I should have abused him grossly," replied Otto, in a tone of calm contempt. He wishes me to marry thy cousin, Sir

What, marry thee to that false-hearted villain!" exclaimed the knight, in wrath.
"Besides, he squints," said Una, plain-

"My sword shall drink his blood!"
"But, if he should kill thee?"
"Ah, I never thought of that," Sir Otto

said, thoughtfully. "And you haven't a sword, either," the maiden exclaimed, as she looked at her lover's side, and missed the weapon. No, I sold it to pay the cursed divers,"

the young man said, sorrowfully.

Then round the angle of the wall, in hot haste, came the fat Baron Von Kiefnels.
"Death of my soul! Did I not forbid
thee seeing this fellow more?" the old man

"Old man, once thou gavest me thy child," Sir Otto said.

"Once thou were a landed knight; now thou art a landless squire," replied the

"And is that the reason that you deny me thy daughter's love?"

"Oh, father, I shall never love any one but Otto," said Una, sorrowfully, like a second Niobe, dissolving in tears.

second Niobe, dissolving in tears.

"Do you take me for a Turk, daughter?" cried the baron, in rage. "I do not forbid your loving whom you like—the saints forbid but you must marry the man I choose. You can love him or not, just as you please. I am not a hard-hearted father." Then the baron turned to the youth. "And for you, sir, think not that I would wrong you. I desire to treat you justly. If I follow the example of our wise emperor, I can not do example of our wise emperor, I can not do wrong. As he spake, so speak I. Produce the royal grant which confirms your right to Stafflehausen castle and my daughter's hand is yours."

And without more ado, the fat baron took his daughter and retired into the castle

leaving Sir Otto to tear his hair and curse the evil fortune which had befallen him.

A last, long look the young knight took at the frowning Keep of Kiefnels, the top of whose massive towers shone greenishsilver in the moonlight; then he sprung upon the back of his horse and dashed madly

His road lay by the river's bank.
On he went till he came to the spot where, two years before, his father, flying from the enemy, had entered the water, clutching the precious casket under his arm, and had found a grave beneath the

Sir Otto dismounted and advanced to the water's edge. A deep, black pool lay before him. In wild rage Sir Otto shook his clenched fist at the sullen waters.

the banks of the river. I am called Stalacta, the queen of the water-spirits. I have often seen you riding along by the river. I know your sad history. When you gazed into the pool, by my power I made the water transparent, and with the lost casket lured you hither. Can you guess the reason?" The maid blushed as she put the

question. Sir Otto understood what was the correct thing to do and did it.
"I love you; will you be my bride?" he

The water-maid gracefully consented.
The marriage took place.
For five days, Sir Otto remained contented beneath the waves. Then he began to pine for earth. All he wished was to return with the precious casket, produce the royal grant, turn Sir Conrad out of the castle of Stafflehausen, and then he would return to his bride.

Reluctantly, Stalacta consented, but warned him of vengeance if he broke his

promise.

With the iron casket clutched under his arm, Sir Otto once again beheld the sun-

Great was his astonishment when he learned that he had passed five years beneath the waves. There, a day was equal to a year on earth. Sir Otto produced the royal grant, turned

his cousin out of Stafflehausen, and in tri-umph took possession of the family town. To his utter astonishment he found that, despite threats and entreaties, the Lady Una had remained single, faithful to his memory. Of course his noble nature could not permit such constancy to go unrewarded. He forgot all about the water-queen who waited for him beneath the Rhine in the shell palace. He proposed to the Lady Una

and was accepted All was joy in Kiefnels castle. It was the wedding-night of the Lady Una and the

The Pilipe had risen repidly cutting off

The Rhine had risen rapidly, cutting off all escape from the castle. The guests were pale with terror, for the mighty strength of the river threatened to sweep away the

Sir Otto threw open the casement and gazed out upon the angry waters. He remembered the threat of the water-queen.

being sunny and winsome, he grew stern and reticent, always, however, preserving his charming grace of manner.

"It used to grieve me to see him bearing, all alone, the great burden rolled on his shoulders, and one night, when we had finished our studies, and had lighted our ci-gars, I made a bold attempt to learn his se-

"To my surprise, he turned as pale as a sheeted corpse when I jokingly asked him if 'Pet' had given him the mitten; he sprung from his study-chair, dashed his cigar through the window, and walked to and fro, in a fearful excitement, while I watched him in mute amazement.

"Then he paused before me, pale and rigid, his eyes flashing with the luridness of maniac.
"'Pemberton, for the sake of your soul's

salvation, never mention that girl to me again! Come here!"
"He linked his hand through my arm,

and led me to a small closet in our bed-room, where we generally kept specimens of our science—mostly preserved in spirits

'Look at that,' he whispered, huskily, and handed me a small bottle, in which, in the colorless liquid with which it was filled,

I saw a finger-tip, jagged at the end, with the filbert-shaped nail neatly trimmed.

"'Well,' I said, 'there is nothing frightful about that, is there? I've seen dozens

lying around loose in the dissecting-room.'

"I laughed as I spoke, but he laid his hand heavily on my shoulder.

"'Don't laugh, Pemberton; don't laugh, for you know nothing about it; only never mention her name again

"He went back to his books, and I never questioned him again, although my heart

"That term he graduated; we exchanged friendly letters for several months, and then, to my surprise and grief, I learned that the brave, handsome young fellow was

"A month after that, I received by express a package, that proved to be a sort of diary Travis had compiled for me, and the identical little vial containing the finger-tip. I have both now, and will read Travis Nottingham's diary to you as he penned it, omitting the dates, as they are not necessary to the containing the dates.

to the recital: "You remember, Pemberton, the evening I went down to Carlton's office, on Twenty second street, to attend to any chance pa tients that might need advice while he was

dress trailing over the glowing red of the carpet; her tawny hair (that she had insisted upon wearing short while she was away) curling gracefully around her shapely head. "As I closed the door, she turned to greet

'Travis, my darling!' "She came across the floor, her hands extended, her eyes full of glad welcome. I took one hand in each of mine with a warm, firm grasp—and then a horrible, horrible spasm seemed to tear at my heart. Pemberton—Pemberton—her left little finger was minus its tip!

"I must have betrayed my feelings in my

face, for she looked eagerly at me.
"'What is the matter, Travis?" "I struggled a moment with myself. Of course I strove to throw off the fearful thoughts, but I could not. I was powerless under the crushing weight of those ghastly suspicions.

'I was surprised to see this.' "I pointed to it; she laughed, so merrily

and lightly. "'Oh! that came from the accident at grandpapa's. I sprained my wrist just as I was starting, and mashed my finger so, I was obliged to have it amputated. That's

nothing, is it?' She seemed so truthful; she was so non-

"'I am not at all disgusted, but I painfully remembered how exceedingly like those others is a finger-tip I have at the University—the one I took from your uncle Hamilton's mouth.'

"A little shudder ran over her, and her cheeks blanched for a second.

"'Oh, how horridly gloomy you doctors are! Let's change the subject. Travis, do you love me?'

"The one second she stood there, paling before me, with that uneasy shifting of the eyes, had been a revelation—I saw it, I knew it, that my bride and the murderess of old Mr. Hamilton were one!

" Pemberton, I can not portray my feelings. I pray you never may experience

"I looked down in her glorious eyes. Ah! how I had loved their opaline wells. How I shivered with horror and repulsion now. "I fear I am half mad. I pray God it is madness. But did I not dress that finger in

Dr. Carleton's office on the 21st day of last 'I was so cold and stony; and she scream-

ed out in a perfect wail of agony:
"'You know you never did, Travis Nottingham! You know you never did!"
"'Not for a boy the night of the murder?"
"She turned abruptly away, walked across the room, then came up to me again.
""Well?" she said, in a kind of husky

"Shall I send for the finger-tip and match it?

'No, no!' she shrieked. 'Great heaven, that you should suspect me—me!'
"She crouched on the floor, writhing in

her fright and misery

"'Answer me. It was you?'
"Then she sprung to her feet, and thrust
the maimed hand in my face.
"'There! there! Give me up to the gal-

lows. Mrs. Travis Nottingham, the bride of an hour, to be hung by the neck till she is dead! dead! dead! and may God have mercy on her soul.'
"Pemberton—that for a scene in a bridal-

chamber. Can you picture it?

"I never saw her after that interview. I left her standing in her bridal robes. I could not endure to see her face; and she is gone, God knows where, to hide her guilt, while I will carry my grief to an early

"That is all of the diary," continued Dr. Pemberton, as he closed the little volume, but there is a grave in a cemetery in Pennsylvania in which Travis Nottingham sleeps. under the gloomy shade of a cypress tree where I have seen a woman come, wan and white, with mourning robes, and a hand of perfect mold, save that the little finger tip is gone. A woman who weeps and wails, and who has seen, time and again, as my own eyes have seen, the pitiful eyes and pallid features of Travis Nottingham's ghost, as it hovers near the spot, ever pointing with deathly hand to her deformed finger, as she wrings her hands in ceaseless

"And now my story is done. Do you not believe it?"

Saved at the Altar. BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

> "HECTOR WAINWRIGHT, here is the ring you gave me that night on the bridge," and Bertha Dennison drew the glittering but unostentatious betrothal ring from her finger and extended it to her lover, who received it with tremulous hand.

"Bertha, I do not hate you for this act," he said with feeling, as he took the circlet of gold. "My heart still beats for you, and you alone. And if ever you repent your act, come to me and you shall be forgiven." Then he walked away, and left her alone

in the moonlight.

For several days, Bertha Dennison had longed for a dissolution of the betrothal bonds that existed between herself and the noblest of lovers. She really loved him-knew that she would be very happy as his wife; but, why did she dissolve the betrothal upon a pretext which, in fact, was none

She was ambitious! An Italian, styling himself Count Asmadeus Szorfa, had arrived at the sea-shore town, and Bertha's eyes were dazzled by his high-sounding name and his manners.

She was an heiress, and the fairest of the bevy of Braintrim beauties, and she wanted to shine in society as the Countess of Szorfa. Gardiner Dennison would not have objected to receiving Hector Wainwright, the rising physician, as a son-in-law; but, when he heard of the Italian's arrival, he added fuel to the fire of ambition that was consuming his daughter, and actually said, in her pre-sence, that Szorfa would be welcomed into

when Bertha was ready, she opened her battery of charms on the "Count," and many weeks had not waned when he knelt before her, and, in poetic language, told her that she was his star, which he worshiped day and night.
Of course she could not resist his plead-

ings, and he rose to his feet the "happiest

To the avowal of love Hector Wainwright was a listener. He was rambling listlessly through the grove when Bertha's voice fell upon his ears. He paused, and then came the declaration of love.



"Oh, monstrous villain!" he cried, addressing the stream, "whose ravenous jaws hath swallowed up my father! Had I not spent all my money in feeing the thieves of divers—whom may the benison of Satan rest upon—I would hire stout rascals and like the Persian king - have thee well

whipped with rods!" The river rolled on; stopped not at the angry threats of the young knight; but, as the wavelets rippled against the bank, the sounds they made seemed like low, mocking laughs. At least, so Sir Otto thought, and n wrath that the river thus added insult to njury-first robbed him of his father, then laughed at his misery—he seized a great mass of rock that lay at his feet and cast it

into the pool. The rock was light gray in color, but, as it sunk beneath the wave it changed into a luminous golden tint, and cast around it a circle of light, some ten feet in extent which made the water clear as crystal.

Sir Otto watched the change in amaze-Down sunk the rock until it rested on the

bottom of the river. Through the now transparent water the knight looked, and there, by the side of the rock, he saw precious iron casket which contained the oval grant!

Without a thought of the danger, or even a prayer to the saints for aid, Sir Otto leaped headlong into the pool. Hardly had the waters closed over his head when sense deserted him. How long he remained in the swoon he

knew not, but when he again opened his eyes, a strange scene was before him. He was at the bottom of the Rhine, in a palace built of polished shells, and sparkling

with precious stones. Before him stood the fairest girl that he had ever looked upon, surrounded by a bevy of attendant beauties, not one though as fair

Sir Otto guessed the truth at once. was in the palace of the water-spirits. The nymphs of the Rhine had taken compassion upon him.

The knight was reposing upon a couch formed out of a gigantic sea-shell.

Springing to his feet, he knelt before the fair beauty, who was apparently the queen of the water-spirits.

and melodious voice.
"You know who I am?" questioned the young man in great astonishment, rising as he spoke.
"Oh, yes! we spirits of the Rhine take a

great interest in the mortals that dwell by

Rise, Sir Otto," said the spirit, in a sweet

He guessed the power that had raised the off for an evening's recreation? That tempest. One last kiss he pressed upon the pale lip of his bride, then madly leaped into A wild yell of triumph rose from the sur-

face of the water and rung above the howl of the wind. As if by a miracle the storm abated. The Knight of Stafflehausen was never

The Fatal Witness. BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A LARGE, cheery aparment, brilliantly illuminated; glowing carpet and curtains; walnut and crimson damask furniture; books, a piano, delightful recesses occupied by the easiest of easy-chairs; a pier glass, that reflected every object in this pleasant

It was the sitting-room at Pemberton Court, and the handsome man lounging by the grate was Elmer Pemberton, who owned all this elegance, who was a thriving physician in the village, and who was in love with Ida Lester, who was nestling in the cushions of a rocking-chair near her fa-

'So you don't believe in ghosts, Lester?" Doctor Pemberton knocked off the ashes from his cigar tip and looked at Ida as he addressed her father.

No," the gentleman responded, promptly, 'I do not, nor do I think any sensible man Pemberton smiled.

"I'm sorry you have made such a sweeping assertion, for I do believe in them." Mr. Lester's lips curled in good-natured scorn, and Ida nestled closer to him. "Let me tell you of an incident that oc-curred while I was studying at ____. I solemnly assure you every word is true, and, perhaps, when you have heard me through, you will agree with me that 'their specterships' do sometimes revisit this world.

"My chum, Travis Nottingham, was one of the finest fellows it was ever my good fortune to meet; handsome, remarkably talented, and quite romantic, he possessed qualifications that made him a prime favorite

wherever he went.
"The third term, Travis fell in love with a charming girl—I've forgotten her name except that he always spoke of her as 'Pet.' For a while he was supremely happy, and then came a great change over him. From night, the Twenty-first of June, 1868, was an era in my life. I will tell you the whole story now, Pemberton, that I know you wanted to hear that evening I showed you the finger-tip.
"I was lounging around the office, read-

ing and smoking, when there came a fragile, swarthy-skinned lad, attired in almost mean clothing, who was faint and sick from the loss of the tip of his little finger, that had been cut off, he said, with a machine. I dressed the wound; he went away, and I thought no more of it until the next morning, when the whole city was electrified by the mysterious murder of old Morris Hamilton, who was found strangled, and in his

mouth the tip of a finger!
"I instantly divined that my boy-patient was the murderer. I set out for the scene of the tragedy, and, through Dr. Carlton's influence, succeeded in getting possession of that dainty finger-end.

"Pemberton, how could I, then, associate such a fearful crime with her?—'Pet,' I mean—how I shiver when I write the name! So the affair grew old; vigilance slept;

and the nine-days' talk ceased.
"Meanwhile, she—you may know I always mean but one woman when I say that —she had been away to her grandparents on a visit, until summoned to New York by Mr. Hamilton's executor, who, finding her nearest of kin, pronounced her sole heiress, in

"Some people thought it strange so rich a man had left none, while others said he was always very odd in his ideas. "I hastened to see her after her long absence, and met her in the darkened parlor, suffering from a sprain in her wrist, which

she had received on the way home, so that

default of a will.

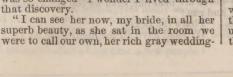
her hand was all bandaged.

"Did I, for a moment, think any thing of that? Would you, Pemberton?
"I caressed the wounded hand; and then begged her to agree to what I had been urging—a speedy marriage; joking about her newly-acquired wealth, and hoping she

would find me an honest partner.

Well, Pemberton, you will be astounded to learn we were married; very quietly, at the clergyman's residence, in early winter.
"Then, Pemberton—then the blow descended that robbed me of happiness for-ever and ever. Now you will know why I was so changed—I wonder I lived through

superb beauty, as she sat in the room we were to call our own, her rich gray wedding-





"The love he proffers is not Platonic," murmured Hector. "Such love he never knew. He is not a proper recipient of a beautiful woman's love. He loves Bertha's gold—not her matchless self."

These were Hector's convictions, uttered audibly; and, after a little while, he left

Just before entering his house, having summed up his speculations regarding Amadeus Szorfa, he said aloud:

'That man is a criminal."

The three months that intervened between the betrothal and wedding quickly passed over Braintrim, and the wedding-night ar-rived Gardiner Dennison's mausion was ablaze with brilliant lights, which shone over fair women and brave men. It was the month of August, and the northern windows were raised to allow the cool seabreeze to float into the rooms

At last Bertha, leaning upon Count Szor-fa's arm, and attended by her bridemaids, swept into the great parlor, and the crowd of guests surged in her wake, eager to see the ceremony performed. Every eye being fastened upon the "happy couple" before the surpliced man of God, the revolver that rested upon the window-sill escaped notice.

Outside, and among the snowball bushes, crouched the possessor of the deadly wea-pon which was directed at the bridegroom's head. It was a woman with a haggard face, which still bore traces of lost beauty. She was clad in the deepest black, unre lieved by a single contrasting color. The arm that steadied the revolver seemed to have grown into an arm of iron, and the fire of insanity danced in the eyes that looked along the shining barrel.

Slowly the service book was opened, and the clergyman's eyes fell upon the pages. A moment later he looked up, and fixed his eyes upon the Italian. Do you take-

The word which followed was drowned by the stunning report of a pistol, and, with a shriek, the bridegroom staggered back, to be caught by one of the groomsmen. Blood issued from a frightful wound in the tem ple, and it was plain that he was rapidly nearing the boundaries of the eternal world In a swoon, which was an admirable counterfeit of death, Bertha was borne from

the parlors, and presently two men entered, dragging the murderess after them. 'Is he dead?" she cried, breaking away from her captors and springing to Szorfa's side. The revolver was still clutched in

her hands.
"Not dead, but dying," answered the physician, who was washing the blood from

the Italian's face. I am glad of it," she said, and a cloud passed from her face and left it clear. By this time Mr. Dennison had returned

from his daughter's room, and, with an oath, he clutched the woman's arm. "Why did you slay him?" he demanded, pointing with his disengaged hand to the dying man. "Speak, murderess, what was he to you?"

"My lover once, but now my victim," she answered, calmly gazing upon Szorfa without an outward sign of remorse for her bloody deed. "In my country he was a robber, forger, counterfeiter, and the brigands' king. He made love to me in our mountain home, when I knew naught of his notorious character. He took me to Venice and left me to starve in the City of Islands. But, I did not starve. I lived for vengeance. With a price upon his head he fled Italy, and I followed. He is dead now; let me

depart in peace." Her last sentence drew the gaze of the spectators to Szorfa, and, to their astonishment, they saw that the spirit had forever taken leave of its earthly tenement.

Gardiner Dennison released the woman's arm, and she turned to depart, when two city detectives entered the room Gentlemen, whom seek you?" asked Den-

nison, glancing significantly at the woman We carry a warrant for the arrest of

Asmadeus Szorfa.' There he lies"

The officers stepped forward and silently gazed upon the dead.

'We will take his murderess, then," said one, and quietly they departed, taking with them a black-robed maniac.

The man-hunters had arrived too late to prevent the taking of a human life. One by one the wedding-guests deserted the tragic spot, and the following day the ex-brigand chief was buried. Slowly Bertha recovered from the fever into which the tragedy related above had thrown her, and one day she went to Hector Wainwright and confessed all-her love for him-who forgave her folly, and he took her to his heart, as the betrothal ring again was tenderly placed by his hand upon her finger.

The Avenging Angels:

THE BANDIT BROTHERS OF THE SCIOTO.

A BORDER AND INDIAN TALE.

EY THE AUTHOR OF "SILENT HUNTER," "QUEEN OF THE WOODS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV-CONTINUED. As the Bandits appeared to succumb without a struggle, no further notice was taken of them, and the Rattlesnake continued:

I am Rattlesnake, the mighty sachem of the Hurons. Sixty moons and sixty suns have I been on the trail of the hereditary foes of my race. My tomahawk is red with the blood of warriors who fell in battle. Rattlesnake is weary; he would revisit the wigwams on the great plains by the big Lake; but he can not go home empty. His body might leave, but his heart would be in the Catawba Hills. He waits for his bride—Matata, the Red Rose of the Prai-

Ugh!" said Theanderigo, with a bend

'That is enough," continued Kenewa, who knew that the other wanted to know the whole proposition, "for Rattlesnake, ex-cept that a little sister is a prisoner, too; she

must return to the home of her fathers." "She is very young; the way is long; she is welcome to the tents of the Shaw

nees," replied Black Hawk. 'My brother has spoken. Here is a pale face chief. He is a great warrior and chief in his native land. There are those who are dear to him in this village. Let all I have mentioned be released, let the hatchet buried, and Open Hand of the longknives will send a big boat, with powder and blankets and guns, and all things that

Rum 21

delight the heart of an Indian." That's the ticket."

"As much rum," cried Roland, "as would float the barge which my friend here has spoken of."

Theanderigo bowed coldly. "And what would the Rattlesnake of the Hurons," he said, addressing the other, in a low and meaning tone, "give to the Black Hawk of the Shawnees if he found the maidens spoken of?"

"What would I give?" replied the young warrior, in low and measured tones, indicating thought.

"I have spoken." "Give me the maidens, with your hand upon your breast, saying, They have been as my daughters in my camp, and I will give you Carcajou. Injure but a hair of their heads, and I will send you his scalp."

No Indian caution or reserve could restrain the cry of amazement on one side, of rage on the other.

The Bandits rubbed their hands.

But Theanderigo-who, with all his ferocity, had gained much of his influence and power through a reputation for strict justice—waved his hand, and when a dozen glittering tomahawks were raised in the air. idvanced and put his arm round Rattle-

The tumult ceased as if by magic. A sul-

len silence followed. "Theanderigo is a great chief," said the Shawnee, after a pause; "his voice has been heard afar over the prairies. When he speaks the savage bear and crouching pan ther hide themselves and are silent. Hi word is law. If the Rattlesnake of the Hurons will bury the hatchet for twelve long moons (months) and restore the Wild Hog to his friends," pointing gracefully to his allies, "the way between the red-skin camps is not long—the Red Rose of the Prairies and her sister can walk it when they please. A chief has but his word; out the pale-faced girls are the prisoners of the pale-faces yonder. With the setting sun they will be given to them."

Roland advanced. He was deadly pale, a cold, livid perspiration was on his brow.
"If these young ladies be with the white warriors of the prairies, I am prepared to treat for their ransom.'

'And forgive and forget?" sneered Mo. 'Never! If you sell me your prisoners I will give you such law as may be agreed on But that over, I will hunt you down for the vile vermin that you are. But name your price. Were it half my fortune—and that is no small bribe—you shall have it if you bring them here. My name is known; an order for the money will be as good as the money. I give you a month to enjoy it, and then I will be like a bloodhound on the

"Cuss your money," said Mo; "we ain't a-going to be trapped into them settlements—no, never. So, as money ain't no use, you see, we've concluded to keep the gals, pretty Martha and all; so you can tell the old fa-ther and young lover. That's my say; so put that in your pipe and smoke it."

The Indians waited until the conference

Will the Rattlesnake of the Hurons give

up the Will the Rattiesnake of the Hurons give up the Wild Hog to his people?" said Theanderigo, with a strange smile.
"No," said Kenewa; "I can not bury the hatchet with wolves: the coward pale-faces must die. Chiefs, Kenewa thanks you for your attention; but the Rattlesnake will have a straing for their blood. But my soon be craving for their blood. But my nostrils are not offended; I smell brave men and warriors, not miserable hen-roost stealers. Faugh! it is the wind of cowards that comes across me.

And with a graceful bend to the Indians, Rattlesnake took his friend by the hand and

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE WAR-CHANT. A DEAD silence succeeded.

The Bandits of the Scioto would gladly have started on the trail of the two men but this Theanderigo sternly forbade. ruce which had been entered into wanted three-quarters of an hour of its conclusion. and during this period the persons of the

But the Black Hawk of the Shawnees would probably have got rid of his danger-ous and disagreeable allies had he been less conscientious; for on the very skirt of the forest the whole party of Backwood Avengers joined Rattlesnake and Roland, handing them their arms.

issue of the embassy was at once made known, and the whole party prepared

While the Avengers are preparing for the final and desperate conflict—which now could not be delayed—let us for a moment return to the Shawnee village, where events are occurring of some interest to our charac-

The preliminary acts of a savage when about to enter upon the war-path have been often referred to, and yet may not be familiar to all our readers. As this will serve to bring a certain climax about, we the more readily venture on a beaten track, and yet one so true and at the same time new yet one so true, and at the same time new or rare, as to be worthy of note.

As soon as the envoys were out of sight the meeting broke up. The warriors gene-rally knew that their chiefs would act for them, and so amused their leisure in firing volleys and making hideous noises, enough

to have appalled a menagerie of wild beasts.

The Bandits, sulky and sullen, kept aloof, watching with jealous eyes the wigwam which contained the three white prisoners and Matata's sister.

Only four in the midst of so many red-skins, they were compelled to be cautious, as, though the Indians are in general pretty faithful to their white allies, a ready excuse for their destruction might be found. They were now planning their own course

of action during the pitched battle which would doubtless soon take place. The statement that the Shawnees were about to give up their white prisoners to the Bandits was, as these latter well knew, a mere evasion, as nothing of the kind

would be done while an enemy was in the These here cussed heathens," said Mo, "is trying to best us, brothers, and I'm for besting them."

"How so?"

"Why, in this here fight we're very likely to get killed. Anyhow, if them devils of Avengers don't get us, this here Thunderandgo will. I mean to be upsides on 'em."

"Tell us how?"

"Well, they'll be up to some kind o' thar black antics soon—a dance of some cussed kind or other. What say you? When the devils are mad-like, shall we cop the women and run?"

"We shall have all the night afore us.

knows where them Hurons has their hosses; and then if we don't show 'em little h-l,

why my name ain't Mo, that's all"
As these fellows were always ready for any act of ruffianism, this plot required no further elucidation; and lest any of them should be suspected or watched, the whole dispersed as soon as their several parts had been agreed on.

It was an hour before sundown when the council of the elders was over, and then a young warrior might have been seen advancing with slow and measured steps toward the tree which, growing almost in the middle of the clearing, had served to indicate by its shadow the hour of the time. This youth, who was armed only with a hatchet, began slowly to bark the tree,

which, being done, he moved on one side and watched. A second then came, who, reaching as high as he could, cut the upper part of the tree away, leaving only the naked and blazed trunk, and rejoined his companions.

Then came two others with some paints, with which they proceeded to daub the The mass of warriors looked on with a

gloomy and ominous silence, which seemed to indicate that the result was not unexpect-The post intimated to all that the contest they were about to engage in was war to the knife.

All knew before what was to happen, but, like more civilized people, they like to hear the official decision of their superiors or chosen chiefs.

The Bandits did not disguise their contempt, at all events, as far as looks were concerned; no one venturing to say any thing in violation of Indian prejudices, which are in many instances quite as ration-

al as many of our own customs.

Then came Theanderigo, surrounded by all the leading warriors. Even the warriors of Carcajou were there. Now that they knew he was a prisoner in the hands of the Hurons, they had no excuse for blaming the other Shawnees, while they had him to avenge. Many of the less celebrated chiefs, too, aimed at succeeding him, which they could only hope to do by greatly distinguishing themselves.

Theanderigo was in his war paint, com-pletely naked, save his leggings and girdle; while his whole head and shoulders were painted black, with hideous red and white

For one of his rank and age the effort was great to take upon himself duties generally delegated to some more youthful warrior; but the enemy they had to contend with was worthy of the act he was now about to commit.

Rattlesnake was a name which had for several years been cast in the teeth of The-anderigo; and many a time and oft he longed, with a deep, anxious longing, to come face to face with one who divided with himself a reputation for valor and skill

His astonishment was great to find him so young; but as no Indian who respects himself ever lies, nobody for a moment suspected any falsehood on the part of Kenewa.

The Black Hawk, as soon as he saw that

his colleagues were ready, began walking round the post with a slow, measured step, something like the ancient dances of all savage tribes, while all the time he chanted in full and powerful accents one of the warongs of his tribe.

Then came the well-known and terrific war-whoop.

No sooner was this uttered than all re sponded, and such yells arose as fairly drove the birds that had collected on the skirt of the clearing to seek another resting-place But when all the Shawnee warriors began absolutely fearful. Where so many hideou

fierce-looking and menacing faces could have come from was a mystery, while their throat emanations were appalling.

At last, Theanderigo, as the sunset quivered on the tree-tops, struck the painted post at the top, leaving his hatchet in the

Then in rushed the younger warriors of the tribe, the elders filing off to take up their positions around the chief.

In ten minutes there remained of the tree, that waved so pleasantly in the morning, but a number of shapeless splinters on the ground, the youths, in mimicry of bat-tle, doing ruthless deeds upon the insensate trunk, scalping and slaying without mercy

Then, the campaign being opened, all retired to their posts, to await the command of their leader.

CHAPTER XXXVII. AN UNCEREMONIOUS EXIT.

When the fury of the Indians was at its

hight, Moses Horne made the sign agreed on between himself and his brothers, and disappeared in the mass of wigwams, to which not even the women had yet retreated, they being equally intent on watching the war preparations with the men.

The tent to which, under the charge of two ancient beldames, Matata had been confined by order of Theanderigo, was that to which the chief of the Bandits took his

Suddenly an altercation between the two crones and a man drew her attention, and ere she could catch the words, a tall man, wrapped in a loose blanket coat, stood be

"Well, gal," he said, in a careless, offhand kind of way, "guess you've heard the

"The bloody Rattlesnake's been in the

village."
"Matata knows the voice of her brave." "Then you've got tarnation long ears But no joking, gal, and I'll tell you. This Huron brave's a considerable spunky fel-low, and him ar' all alive to make a swap." What exchange

"Why he offered to take you for the rampageous ruffian Carcajou, the Wild Hog, which was taken in some mysterious manner by them blasted Backwood Avengers."
"The Wild Hog was taken from where the Big Long-knife stands by the pale-faced

'Snakes!-but blamed if I don't believe yer! That chap's the devil! Wall, the Shawnees war inclined to guv yer up; but that didn't suit your Kenewa. He must have the hull bilin' o' the gals, and that the Shawnees don't seem to see; so it's war to the knife, and no quarter.

Why is not the white Indian, the renegade, with his companions?" asked Matata, with a lofty air that might have become a

taking her by the arm, which he clutched nervously, "the Shawnees have behaved cussed bad to us—they've crowed over us, and want mighty quick to rob us of our

"The Huron will spit on you all—will make petticoats for the Shawnees, and burn the Big-knives alive."

"Well, they mout," said Moses, with a laugh; "but I've got a plan. Me and my brother is sick of these yar dod-rotted Shawnees, and mean to give 'em the slip, and surrender to the enemy. If we take in you gals, all safe and sound, don't you think now they mout forgive us?"

"You are positive?" "Can you bring the dead to life?" Can you restore to the maiden with the raven

ocks the soul which has fled?"

"I reckon, gal," says Moses Horne, "that you've upspoken the truth. Wull, if it carn't be, it carn't be; but, cuss me, then, if Injine, Avenger or Judge, ever sees the ind of your little finger! Gal, you're mine!"

And before she was aware this inter-And before she was aware of his inten-tions, he had east the blanket over her with

such rapidity as to completely envelop her before she could shriek or call out. Then the bulky ruffian raised her to place her on his shoulder, which, however, he not done ere he received behind a kick. given with such hearty good will, dexterity,

and able choice of position, as to send him flying headlong from the tent.

One glance over his shoulder showed the defeated Bandit the tall form, hideous paint and well-known garb of Carcajou, the Wild

Indignant at such conduct on the part of an ally, whose presence, however, in the camp was a mystery not readily to be ex-plained, Moses was about to return and ask an account of his mysterious conduct, when the appearance of a number of young men, sent to guard the huts during the expected conflict, induced the baffled ruffian to walk away, and hasten to alarm his brothers, who were on a similar errand in the wigwam

containing the other prisoners. The measures taken by the masterly eye of Theanderigo had at once upset all his plans with regard to the girls.

As at any moment the daring band who had penetrated so far into the enemy's land might attack the camp, Black Hawk-instead of venturing to meet the foe, which he fully intended doing on some more advantageous battle-ground, and where, too, his men would not be agonized by the sight of their little ones—had placed several parties of men at points about a hundred feet from

the wigwams, in complete darkness.

Then, in front of the wigwams—those of the White River Shawnees were torn down for fuel—a line of fires was placed, across which no man could step without being

Within this wall of light the patrol of some fifty youths, not yet admitted as braves, entered, armed with bows, lances, and some old muskets which could be

The young fellows, whose bosoms swelled with an ardor quite equal to that of their sires, at once proceeded to send forth the Bandits of the Scioto to join the combatants. With curses, not loud but deep, the ruffians went, vowing that, somehow or another, they would avenge all their in-

The patrol then induced the women to retire within their wigwams, closed the tents of the prisoners, placing aged and sleepless crones at their entrance, and ther laid down half-way from the fires to watch resolved that, did occasion require it, they would not disgrace the name of their el

But where was Carcajou, the Wild Hog,

Well, strange as it may seem, he was se-creted under the rude platform which sup-ported the panther-skin couch which the liberality of Theanderigo had provided for the young wife he hoped in a few hours to

take to his bosom. When the tent was closed, and Matata had seen that the aged beldames were sufficiently away to make whispering safe, she turned with a girl's light laugh to the big Shawnee, and made a sign.

The warrior crawled from his somewhat ignominious position, and sat up.
"'Spect Moses thort it war the devil," said the individual who wore the garb and paint of Carcajou, laughing in his dry, silent

way.
"Him run like hare," replied Matata.
"But I say, Mat," grinned Steve, "'spect you got to pass the night—"
"Hush!" said Matata.
"Hush a roppute she had covered the

In less than a minute she had covered the scout up with skins in a dark corner, just as the tent-door was opened and the flare of a torch was cast into the skin wigwam, held in the hand of a woman.

But erect behind it was Theanderigo

"The Big-knife of the whites told me that Carcajou was here," said the chief, with a hurried glance round the tent. "Carcajou," replied Matata, who held her head dress in her hand, and had all her dark flowing locks about her neck, as if pre-

paring to lie down, "whose tongue is forked as the snake's, was here last night."
"Wagh! And what wanted Carcajou?" A Huron maiden has laughing eyes, said Matata, with a merry, girlish chuckle.
"The Wild Hog is a beast. What became of him?"

The scout of the long-knives, the bosom friend of the Rattlesnake, took him on his shoulder and carried him away to the hills

-he has not since returned. And what wanted the Big Robber?" "Red and white are the same," continued the artful girl, with a pout, "but they can not all have Matata;"

The eyes of Black Hawk glared terribly, but not at the Prairie Rose; his thoughts were far away—or rather, he was devising how to divide the vengeance which he men-tally vowed against both the false Shawnee and his white ally.

Would Matata wish for any thing," he said, in a low tone, "before her husband leaves to command his young men in the "Matata is very lonely—she likes not to be alone—she would gladly see her sister." There was a winning softness, a gentle-

ness, a music in her voice which made the countenance of the chief brighten. 'It shall be so; and to-morrow the Prairie Rose shall have more horses and more

slaves than any Indian girl ever saw. With which most undignified speech the warrior left, afraid that if he remained he should unbend too much from his dig-

What a cunning female tongue, backed een.
"Girl," said the robber, advancing, and by a bright eye and dimpled cheek, can do with a middle-aged man, they themselves

only know; it is difficult for any one to imagine what they can not do.

Matata had won a great victory, and she

knew it.

Ten minutes later the young sister entered the tent with the news that Ella was ill, Ettie almost broken-hearted, and Martha the sole support of the party.

This determined Steve at once to change

his quarters, which he knew well how to do, having entered the tent by cutting a hole under that very bed where he afterward was concealed. The wigwams were only six feet apart; and, by sending the girl first, so as not to alarm the poor prisoners, he was able, with Matata, to glide out, the more unnoticed that the women and children were talking loudly.

Ella was ill a low fever was on her, the effect of a change of life—from luxury to suffering. Ettie was overwhelmed with grief; while Martha, though trying to be hearty and jolly, made a poor attempt at cheerfulness.

Steve sent the young girl in search of some herbs, always kept by middle-aged Indian mothers; and very soon, by the assistance of Matata, concocted a potion that relieved Ella and sent her to sleep, while another roused and recognified Fetting.

other roused and revivified Ettie. And now, gals," said Steve, as he handed long, sharp knives to all, "never mind about the fever. Please God, we'll be free to-morrow, or else you'll be angels in heaven! for," he added, with a shudder, rather than these robbers and red niggers shall cotch you in the hour of intoxication and victory, this shall set you free;" and he showed his hunting-knife handle.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE HURON'S STROKE. WHEN the Rattlesnake of the Hurons and Roland rejoined their friends it was with the firm resolve to attack at once, but in this the young chief was doomed to dis-appointment. There are certain received practices among red-skins which a chief may not disdain, any more than a civilized soldier may bid defiance to that discipline which is the life and soul of an army.

A council was a matter of course, but there was another reason for delay. A panting courier had just come in on horseback, after a tremendous ride, to an-nounce the rapid approach of sixty warriors, the very best men of the tribe.

It was quite midnight, then, before the coalesced forces marched; but, in the mean

time, scouts and runners had been sent forward to dislodge any skulkers and to keep the woods free of any ambush.

But the Shawnees had resolved to do battle where they knew the ground; and in

and around the Huron camp all was still.
Roland was indeed impatient, but there was no use in hurry. He sat apart with Judge Mason, waiting for the delay which the customs and caution of the Indians

made necessary to elapse. The old man was much changed. While his resolution was as great as ever and his physical powers appeared to increase in force, his mental powers deteriorated. His

whole soul was set upon revenge. picture of past happiness which scorched his brain, the memory of the fear-ful massacre, the blazing flames, the horrid calamity which had befallen Ella, the destruction of his happy home-were ever be-

The young officer marked the set teeth, the thin lip, the pallid face, the wandering eye, and, though far from cheerful, though himself upon the rack, made an effort come to the old man's assistance and re-

Father," he said, in low but impressive tones, "in a few hours the bell of vengeance Will it give me back my wife? Roland. could these fiends incarnate give me but

her and my children, they might take my gold, even all that you brought me." What is past is not to be remedied; but, father, when we have slain the wretches who made desolate your home, when we have recovered your children, we will go back to our once happy home, and try to

"I can never forget. I do not wish to.
Memory is all the happiness I have left me."

"And your daughters? — your noble

True, true! If I could forget! But why do you call me father? You can never be my son. Ella—"

"Sir," said Roland, with a ruddy blush that well became his manly countenance, "you have a second child."

"True, true! Ella is second now. Take all I have, but leave me her. We will go hide ourselves where we are not known,

and where no cruel hand—"
"Stay, Judge Mason," said the young
man, closely clutching his arm; "I wish you to hearken to me well. You have sons. They will marry. You have two daughters. With your permission, Ettie will become my wife. I shall have a magnificent home offer her; but neither Ettie nor myself will know a minute's happiness if you do not let us minister to your wishes, and do not make our home yours, and that of Ella, who, when all this terrible episode is over, will be to us as a dear and beloved sister."

Had she not better remain without a

"There are sorrows which kill, there are outrages which dishonor," he groaned.
"I will not feign to misunderstand you. Ella is as pure as Ettie; her garb is as white as snow.

soul?" whispered the agonized father.

Say you so, young man? My God! I would, indeed, die happy if I could believe

"How so?"
"The ruffians intended to take her away with them, and were securing her person when we came up. You have been all along in error on this point. Ella went distracted from grief to see her mother dying

and herself the captive of infamous wretches, such as the Bandits of the Scioto notoriously are,"
"My son," said the Judge, clutching his

hand, "now I can die happy."

"Die? You have many years—"
"Nay, I am old and well stricken; and sometimes there is given to those in years some slight privilege over younger ones. I am a doomed man. Let me see my children safe, and I care not. To you I know I may confide Ettie; and, if we never speak more, be a tender guardian to her. She deserves

As I hope for joy in this world and mercy in the next."

They shook hands; then, perceiving that the Indians were clutching their arms, the Backwood Avengers also prepared, Roland



gave a whispered order to one of the young Masons, who at once left the camp with Humphreys and Tom Smith.

The Judge silently followed them.

He hankered sorely to be near his child-

The woods were now still and silent, though daylight was not far off.

The attacking force was about eighty, which the Rattlesnake divided into three parties. One he commanded himself; one he left to Roland; a third would have been left for Steve, but, in his absence, a Huron of powerful frame was chosen. His name was Big-foot.

The party led by Kenewa was forty m number; and with these went Carcajon, the Wild Hog, who fumed, indeed, with rage at his captivity, which many of the Hurons would gladly have ended, but were prevented by Kenewa, he being the prisoner of Steve the scout.

Roland Edwardes, with such of his aven-gers as remained, the laborer, and one Mason, headed a party of twenty.

The center or main body was that neaded

by the Rattlesnake, to which the two troops of twenty were as wings. They were to be about a hundred yards apart, and to advance all together on the Shawnees.

The spot in the forest where these ar-

rangements were made was silent as death, so that when the several bodies moved in the direction of the village the faintest whisper might have been detected.

We will follow first the center of the little army, for there lay the fortune of the

It may appear an act almost of madness for between eighty and ninety warriors to advance to the attack of more than double the control of the first place, however, their number. In the first place, however, the Hurons were all picked, active, skillful

the Hurons were all picked, active, skillful, and resolute men, while, from the generosity, both of the Judge and Roland, they were equipped with far superior weapons to what the Saawnees could boast of.

They were, further, led by a chief whose heart was in the enemy's camp; the earnest and devoted affection of Rattlesnake for the Prairie Rose being well known, though Indians are not in the habit of speaking of such matters. such matters.

The presence of some good shots of the long-knives was also an inducement; and yet it is a question if even the most resolute chief would have advanced to the attack but for the knowledge that reinforcements

The woods were still wrapped in the cloak of night as the several parties moved

Their advance was very different to what is usual, even with such light forces as those which were here collected. They did not advance either in column or Indian file, but abreast, each man keeping his neighbor in view, but, with that exception, moving entirely on his own responsibility.

It was a splendid sight to see that row of

dusky frames moving, with the stealth of ghosts, through the underbrush and under the trees, their naked shoulders and heads chiefly visible.

Kenewa was the bravest among the brave and had he commanded something like equal forces would have led his followers to the charge without delay, as might have done the most ardent leader of the whites, thus making the contest a pitched battle. But he knew the inferiority of his forces, and that any such course must put him in violent contradiction to the received practices and opinions of his countrymen.

With the sun soon shining through the tops, with the balmy wind of summer to inhale, with all the brightness of God's lovely creation on earth to gaze upon, these men crawled through the green and grassy glades, on fell thoughts of murder intent— thoughts which one sight of nature should extinguish in the most inhuman breast. War is the greatest curse which our evil natures has brought upon ourselves.

It is at best only worthy of savages, would scarcely ever disgrace old civilized nations but for the culpable ambition and reckless wickedness of tyrants and their

Kenewa, having marshaled his forces, retained only two braves, who had charge of Carcajou, and moved slowly on, gazing around with that anxious beating of the heart which always precedes great events. But the forest in advance appeared as silent, as still, as when it arose from the muddy waters which once had sway over

On every side the eye was able to pene-trate beneath the long and shadowy vistas of the trees; but to no purpose as yet, for all was peaceful, pleasant, and, as it were,

Suddenly Kenewa lifted his left arm Every warrior stopped and stooped, so that in another moment it appeared as if the foot of man had never passed that way. One or two favorite warriors crept to the

side of Kenewa.
"They come," he said, pointing to the

They stooped low, put their ears to the ground, and clearly heard the faint sound of men marching through the forest.

The Rattlesnake looked about him. In front was what once might have been a mountain-torrent bed, but now overhung with brushwood.

Beneath there was a hollow way, like a tunnel

Kenewa whispered to his braves, and, casting his rifle into the hollow of his arm, led the way. In another moment he was silently followed by his whole party. The youthful warriors who guarded Carcajou

came last. This worthy never spoke. The buffalo tag which tied his arms behind him might hurt, blows might urge him on, but no whisper of complaint came from his lips. His eyes were, however, cast about in every direction. Not a motion of the Hurons

escaped his sight Soon the whole band were on the run Kenewa at the front. The chief, however, halted as soon as he was at the head of the hollow, as there a whole thicket of live oaks were visible. In front of these, toward the camp, the ground lowered a little. Huron brave still, therefore, was about to keep between the precipitous banks of the winter stream, to take advantage of the thick shrubbery, when a low gurgling sound

attracted his attention. He looked around A chief was pointing to a dense mass of pecan bushes in front. Before Kenewa could ask a question, there burst from the throat of Carcajou, the Wild Hog, a yell so fearful that his conductors started in amazement, and then came a deadly volley, which laid one of the young guardians of the Shawnee low, while the other sought refuge behind a tree.

(To be continued - Commenced in No. 55.)

CAMP MEETING IN THE WOODS.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The white mists from the woods arise, Like the thin smoke of sacrifice From Indian altars in the shade Where red men wild have bowed and prayed.

The soft green moss invites the knees To bend in worship; and the trees Lift up their arms in the list hing air, Where leafy lips are whispering prayer. Beneath this roof of braided houghs,

We may renew our sacred yows; For here we see the fires divine, In burning bush and flaming vine. This is the temple of the Lorn, Here nature sings in sweet accord, Her holy hymns of grateful thanks, From shadowy groves and grassy banks

Oh, this is consecrated ground. No human footsteps can be found Leading to haunts of crime and woe: Flowers strew the path in which we go.

As vapors rise toward the sun, As brooklets to the ocean run, As plants spring upward from the sod, Our thoughts here turn to Keaven and God.

The rocks are altars by the brook, Our Bible, Nature's open book, The towering pine our tapering spire, The cheerful birds our happy choir. Red blossoms are the fragrant urns, And censer cups where sweetness burns; Gop is our trust and He will bless Our worship in the wilderness.

Border Reminiscences.

A Fandango, and What Came of It.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

WE rode into the Old Mexican town of Valverde, just as the sun was dropping behind the western range, and following the guidance of Jim Curtis, who "hed been thar oncet afore," we soon found quarters and dismounted.

What took us, a troop of half-score Texas Rangers, away up there, has nothing to do with the incident I am about to relate. That

were there is sufficient. At that time, and, indeed, ever since their organization, there had been bad feeling between the Rangers and Mexicans, and it seldom happened that the two met, especially if the latter were the strongest in point of numbers, without insult and blows being exchanged. And in this connection I will say, that at no other time or place were these collisions so certain to occur as were these collisions so certain to occur as at the fandango, where the maddening feeling of jealousy was sure to be engendered and added to the dislike already existing upon the part of the greasers.

Some of the fellows had scattered the moment the cattle had been seen to and a few mouthfuls bolted, so eager were they for a sight of the place after over six weeks

few mouthfuls boiled, so eager were they for a sight of the place after over six weeks in the saddle; but Lamond and myself, pre-ferring the enjoyment of a quiet smoke on the veranda, had determined to stay at

We had some doubts as to our being allowed this privilege, and very soon found tokened hurry.

In the course

We were suddenly invaded by the scouting party, who had returned with glowing accounts of a great fandango that was then in progress beyond the plaza, and one and all, they declared we must join them.

"You see, old fellow," said Tom Oakley, "there's no telling when these greasers may show their teeth, and even if we all go there'll not be any too many of us to get

there'll not be any too many of us to get

That was precisely my objection, and also Lamond's, but we were overruled, made to buckle on our six-shooters, and, in a body, leaving only one man to see to things, we started for the dance.

I need not pause to describe the fandango. The long, low room dinly lighted; the orchestra—a flute, harp, and guitar—in one corner; gayly dressed senoras, with flowing lace mantle, and the inevitable fan; poblanas, with short petticoat, neatly turned ankles, and flashing eyes; dark-browed creoles, wrapped in ample cloaks; rancheros, scowling from behind the folds of gaudy serapes; leperos, with ready knife; and occasionally the stalwart, buckskin-clad figure of a trapper or hunter, all go to form a scene that, from repeated description, is familiar to the

It was yet early when we arrived, though the music was in full blast, and a dozen or more couples gliding over the well-waxed

For more than an hour we stood in a group near the large door, looking on, during which time the room rapidly filled, until it became crowded to a degree that seemed to preclude the possibility of danc-

First one of us, and then another and another sought his partner, until all were whirling, or rather "scroughing," their way

My companion proved a most charming one, and though she could not speak a word of English, nor I of Spanish, yet we got along smoothly and with evident satisfaction upon both sides.

So well satisfied was I, that I unfortunately overlooked the fact that it was not customary or proper to thus monopolize the little beauty, and would probably have re-mained thus oblivious, had not Lamond, during a pause in the dance, touched my

arm, and whispered in my ear:
"You seem to be well in for it, Ralph; but take my advice and drop the girl. Look over in the corner by the musicians, nd you'll see a pair of eyes, that mean mis-

chief, watching your movements."

I instinctively glanced in the direction indicated, and saw, standing back as if to avoid recognition, a tall figure, wrapped in a heavy cloak, such as are worn by the better class, with which the face was muffled completely. Only the eyes were visible, but they were strikingly so. They seemed fairly ablaze with passion, and as they met my own, appeared to emit a mortal defiance. At the same moment, probably directed by my glance, the girl caught sight of the shrouded figure; the effect was startling. With an affrighted exclamation, she wrenched her hand from my grasp, and, with a regular dive, disappeared amid the

Lamond had been watching us, and immediately came up, laughing heartily:
"Let her go. You are well rid of her, I
tell you. And now, for the balance of the

evening, keep your eye open for that greaser you saw in the corner."

The girl was gone, but the damage had already been done.

It was not long before the usual signs preceding a row began to manifest themselves.

selves, and quietly gathered together at the upper end of the room.

Several of the better class, especially inc ladies, were seen hurrying away, while new faces, those of runcheros and leperos, began to scowl upon our little party. They had been sent for to take part in the coming

All this time there was a snow of dancing kept up, but there was no longer any life or vim to it. The men looked savage, while the women's faces wore an anxious, fright-

"Look to y'ur weepins, boys," said Jim Curtis, in a low tone, as he passed through our party, who by this time were all standing in a bunch, "an' keep es nigh ther door an' winders es yur kin. Thar's goin' to be

h— to pay hyar in a minit er two."

As the ranger spoke, I felt something cold touch my hand, and looking hastily down, I saw my dog, a great favorite, standing by my side, seeking some acknowledgment of his presence.

He had wearied of my absence and nad come to hunt me up.

Fearing that if he remained in the room

during the row, if any should occur, he might be injured, I ordered him, rather harshly, to go home.

Always obedient, the spaniel startled across toward the door, near which he en-

countered a ranchero, who, without the slightest provocation, raised his heavy boot and sent the animal howling into the street. Unfortunately for the Mexican, the ranger, Curtis, chanced to be near at hand. He instantly wheeled and planted a blow square-ly between the fellow's eyes, knocking him clear from his feet, and landing him, "all

of a heap," in the middle of the floor.

That, of course, brought matters to a fo-

As though by preconcerted action, every light in the upper end of the room was suddenly extinguished, thereby leaving the Mexicans in comparative darkness, while we were fully exposed by the glare of half a dozen lawyed exposed by the glare of half dozen lamps and candles stuck against the wall above our heads.
"Out with the lights," shouted some one,

and while we were busy at that work, the greasers opened fire and charged.

Before they reached us the room was in

total darkness, but a moment later they were upon us, and the fight commenced. As much of it as I saw, or rather heard and

felt, was fearful, but that was not much.

I had fired one barrel of my six-shooter, and was feeling for a cloak or serape to empty the next one into, when suddenly the whole firmament, with every star twice its usual size, flashed before my eyes, an agonizing pain shot through my head, and

I had a dim, uncertain idea, as I fell, that I had been struck, but with what, or by whom, I could not then tell.

whom, I could not then tell.

I must have remained in this condition for some length of time, for when consciousness returned, I found myself lying in the bottom of a small boat, or cance, which was being rapidly propelled through the water by two men, one forward and the other aft, using paddles in a way that betokened hurry.

In the course of a few minutes the canoe grounded upon a soft bank, the forward man stepped ashore, dragging the little ves-sel well up, after which he returned, and, with the other's aid, I was lifted out and deposited upon the damp earth near at

Then, for the first time, I discovered that I was bound, hand and foot, and that most

What it all meant was a profound mystery. I remembered the fight at the fan-dango, and at the moment had a most lively my being knocked on the head; but why had I been brought here? Those two fellows were taking a good deal of trouble, evidently, but how it was going to pay

them I could not imagine.

There was a full moon, but scudding clouds obscured her light so that I could

not succeed in catching a fair view of my captors' faces. For some time, as they moved about a small tree, fixing something, I tried to do so, and at last succeeded.

I saw only the eyes, but that was enough They were the same that had glared upon me from the corner of the room at the fan dango, and I was no longer at a loss to imagine why I was in my present predica-

The villain was wreaking his vengeance upon me for daring to make so free with

is dulcinea at the dance.

By the time I had arrived at this not very agreeable conclusion, the pair were ready to enact another scene in this little drama by moonlight.

Grasping me by either arm, they jerked me upon my feet, and, carrying me behind the fringe of chapparal that lined the bank, stood me against the tree about which they had been at work. With a few rapid turns of a hair lariat, that had been cut in pieces for the purpose, they made me as fast as though I had grown there, part of the trunk

Up to the present moment I had not spoken, but I saw that if I were going to

say any thing, now was the time As they turned to depart, I asked, in as steady a voice as possible: "What was the meaning of this outrage? Why I had been thus stolen from my friends and tied ip, probably to die of hunger?"

only laughed in my face. I then threatened them with the wrath of my companions, and finally swore that my government would devastate their infernal

I was terribly in earnest, but the villains

ountry if I were not forthcoming, as I was a man of more importance than they pro-It wouldn't do. The rascal with the evil eye selected a level spot in front of where I stood, and nimbly performed several figures of a dance I had indulged in with the girl a few hours previous, and then, with a nod of the head, as much as to say, "You understand," and a satanic laugh, in which the

other joined, they disappeared in the chap-A moment later I heard the splash of paddles, and knew that I was alone.
But where was I? Was I near the town,
or was I a long way off? Was it possible
for my friends, if any of them were left, to

get on my trail and release me from my perilous predicament?

The last hope I banished at once. I had come thither by water, and that, I knew, left no trail. Things were beginning to look dark, and in more ways than one.

The heavy masses of clouds that had been eding a row began to manifest themselves. Scudding from the north-west all night, now began to "pack," and before long, the and girls, and after a long time a few people

moon and stars were shut in by a sable moon and stars were shut in by a same canopy, across whose surface an occasional gleam of lightning flashed; while, far away from whence the storm was coming, I heard the mutterings of thunder.

Tied to a tree all night was bad enough, but to be half-drowned in the bargain was

So I thought, for only to the night did I

So I thought, for only to the night did I limit my imprisonment.

The hours passed slowly; it was but natural that they should. The storm burst, and the rain beat down upon me in torrents, at times nearly taking away my breath, or blinding me with its fury.

The "game" was fast being taken out of me when the gray of dawn crept up in the east, but this welcome sight restored me to something like my ordinary self.

something like my ordinary self.

It grew lighter and lighter, and each moment I expected to hear the shouts of my friends, who would by this time be search-

It still rained, or rather, pourea, and, from appearances, was likely to do so for some time to come. The swash of the river, the sough of the

wind through the trees above my head, the steady dash of the rain as the hours drew slowly by, grew to be inconceivably monoto

My spirits again began to flag. Surely, if my companions were searching for me, they ought to have found me long ago.

Like the quick, sharp sting of a knife as it enters the flesh, the thought that perhaps none had survived that deadly fight shot

across my brain.

I forced myself to consider the probable result if such had been the case.

There was but one conclusion. I must surely perish where I stood, for the villains who brought me to the place must have selected it with the knowledge that none were likely to pass that way.

I have "roughed" it a good deal; have

faced, necessarily, a good many perils, and witnessed death in all possible forms; but I am free to say that, when these thoughts had passed rapidly through my mind, they left me weak and unnerved in view of the

terrible fate that lay before me.
As the daylight had slowly dawned, so slowly did the hours pass away, and yet no

The storm had not abated one particle on the contrary, the rain fell, if possible, with greater force, and while listening to its steady beat, as the shadows darkened, a new

and strange sound—one that I had not be-fore heard—fell upon my ear.

It was the sullen roar of water—of the river near at hand, that was swelling to overflow its banks.
Under such, or similar conditions, the

mind is always quickened. It grasps facts and penetrates obscurities that, under or-dinary circumstances, would pass unheeded. As I looked and saw the yellow water creeping up through the chapparal, I knew, as well as though I had been told of the fact, that I was imprisoned upon the island that lay in mid-river just below the town.

I had heard the boys talk of it. It was subject to overflow, and I had been brought the process of the state of the state

there to perish in the flood. With devilish ingenuity, my enemies had calculated or availed themselves of the time of the semiannual freshet.

I can not describe the hours that passed.

How I watched the waters rise, first wetting my feet, then climbing slowly up and up, until the waves dashed into my very face.

Or how I shouted for help, and tugged vainly at the tough thongs that so securely

held me fast. It was simply awful, this looking Death in the face as he slowly, inch by inch, came nearer and nearer to me.

Again I raised my vo

pitch, and this time, above the roar of the flood, I heard the shrill yelp of a dog, and then an answering shout.

That they were welcome sounds I need

not say, and when, a little later, I heard the plash of paddles, I—so Curtis said—made the island "lively with my yowltin' an Well, I suppose I did, but then, who would not have done the same? for when Lamond and Curtis reached out to cut the

thongs, and the latter went over and dived for those around my feet, the water was just washing my chin. They told me how they had hunted for my body, never dreaming that I had come out of the fight alive, and had almost given me up, when the dog made his appearance, badly wounded, and by his strange actions had induced them to follow. He led them

to a point opposite the island, and, rushing down to the edge, began barking violently. At that moment they heard my shout and at once securing a boat, came back to where the dog still stood, and crossed over. "You see, my boyee," said Jim Curtis, philosophically, "it won't do, nohow, to go fur them senoritas too hefty, fur the'r sweet-

hearts ar' allers around, an' they're meaner

nor a black snake fur meanness.

Girls in India.—In India the heathen girls are not loved and taken care of as they are in America. Here, people let the little girls live and eat with father and mother and brothers, give them nice clothes to wear and teach them to read and write; but in India the fathers are ashamed of the little girls, and never like to tell people that there are any little girls in their houses, and the fathers and brothers never let the mothers and sisters eat with them, or ride or walk with them anywhere. And heathen people do not let their girls learn to read, but try to keep them in ignorance. If a little girl belongs to the lower class, she is made to work very hard, like a little slave, while yet very small; and if she belongs to a high caste family, she is kept in her mother's private room after she is six or eight years of age, and never permitted to run out and play with other children, or go to visit uncles and aunts or grandpas.

When we ask the people to permit their girls to read, the poor people say, "We must have our girls to work, and if you teach them to read they will be good for nothing to work," or they will say, "Why should girls learn to read? If they learn to cook, it will be enough for them to know. When we ask the high caste people to teach their girls to read, they also think it will do them no good, and they will not let their girls go out on the street where people can see them, to go to school. So when mis-sionaries went to India, none of the girls

learned to read. Only ten years ago, in all the great district of Morababad, with a great many thousand people, there were no girls in schoolnot one. But when the missionaries went

became willing to have their girls learn, if the women who were to teach them would come to their houses, so that they need not

go out in the public street. When a few commenced learning to read, others wanted to learn; and now in those places where the missionaries have taught the people, many women and girls are anxious to be taught. So now we want more teachers, and the little girls in America must try to earn and save some money to help to send some good lady teachers to teach those ignorant little girls in India.

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QUIET LODGINGS.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Twe journeyed far for several days,
I'm worn out and distressed,
I put up at a nice hotel
To get some needed rest.
I'm shown up to my chamber straight,
And gladly go to bed at eight.

My lids close down into a doze;
I soon shall be asleep;
Farewell to all my weariness!
Welcome, oh, slumbers deep!
Somebody bangs this door of mine;
I wake; I hear the clock strike nine.

Again my eyes begin to droop
In spite of rumbling wheels,
And o'er my half-unconscious mind
The mist of slumber steals.
Alarm bells ring; "Fire!" shriek the men;
I wake; I hear the clock strike ten.

Back on the road to sleep I go;
And I am almost there;
My neighbor in the right-hand room
Begins to storm and swear—
"By George, I've killed some twenty-seven!
I wake; I hear the clock strike 'leven.

Back unto sleep, though something strange
Is nibbling at my toes!
My neighbor in the left-hand room
Snores with tumultuous throes;
If he should burst his safety valve!
I wake; I hear the clock strike twelve.

Again in a half-doze I fall.
Two fellows overhead,
With broken-hearted violins Seem playing for the dead, Who, could they hear it, would but groan I wake; I hear the clock strike one.

But when they stop for want of tunes,
My eyes are sealed again.
A cavalry racket on the stairs,
By travelers from the train,
Begins, and shakes the whole house through
I wake; I hear the clock strike two.

At last I soundly get to sleep, And feel quite glad at heart. Some traveler is going off, And wants an early start. The porter by mistake wakes me What time the clock is striking three.

Quite mad, I rise and dress myself, And tell the landlord's crew They woke the right man by mistake, For I am going, too. And to forget the night's events I go and sleep across a fence.

The Puritan Lady. AN INCIDENT OF THE ENGLISH CIVIL WAR.

BY AGILE PENNE.

THE royal army lay at Naseby. Cromwell's forces were advancing slowly with intent to give battle. Prince Rupert, the dashing cavalry leader, with a small force, held the town of Chester, a strong post right in the way of the line of march of the Roundhead

Our story is of the stormy time in England, when the Commons, rising in their might, essayed to wrest the royal power from the hands of a most unworthy mo-

In a green and shady lane, close to the town of Chester, and a mile or so from it, walked two gay and dashing cavaliers.

From the fashion of their dress, their curled and perfumed locks, and their general appearance, one could easily have told that the two were officers of the royal

Holding high commands, too, for the taller of the cavaliers was Prince Rupert in person, and his companion, Percy, Lord of In the ranks of the royal army rode no

wilder gallants than the German prince and Arden's lord. Boon companions were they in tent and castle, in field and town—as bold soldiers as ever drew sword, as reck-less rakes as ever sought a fair woman's Are we near the place?" questioned

Arden, as they walked onward. 'Just beyond yonder town," answered Rupert. And she is fair, you say?"

"One of your English roses: a form, perfection itself; a face, beautiful as a painter's dream, rosy with health and radiant with smiles; eyes, blue as the sky above our heads; lips, the hue of the carnation

"Faith! you grow strangely poetical over the charms of this unknown beauty!" cried Arden, laughing at his companion's enthu-

I have danced with the fairest demoiselles of the French Louis' court; flirted with the prettiest dames that claim kindred with our German landgraves, but never did my eyes fall upon a lovelier woman than this unknown English beauty."

"But, what is she; peasant or lady?"

"Oh, a lady, I'll dare be sworn! I am sure of it from her bearing, although she was but plainly attired. Why, my very meeting with her sounds like a romantic tale. I was passing through this green lane yesterday eve; just as I reached this spot, I heard a woman's scream, and the noise of hurrying footsteps. Drawing my rapier, and turning you corner, I beheld a young girl fleeing in haste from a huge dog, whose foaming mouth and starting eyes told of madness. With a single thrust of my sword I dispatched the beast. thanked me sweetly for the service, but de clined the escort that I proffered. I was not to be baffled though; so I followed, discreetly, behind, and tracked the pretty maid to her abiding-place."

"But, is she maid, wife, or widow?"

"By the body of our most gracious king, I swear I know not," replied the Prince lightly; "and, to tell the truth, my Lord of Arden, I care not."

"After that speech, who dares say that Prince Rupert is not the wildest blade that

rides beneath the royal banner?"
The Prince laughed, but replied not.
"And now your plan of action?" asked

'That is what I do not know myself. time must develop it. All that I seek now is to catch another glimpse of the fair creature, who has cast such a spell upon me."
"Suppose she should be the daughter, sister, or, mayhap, wife of one of our Round

Who can tell?" cried Rupert, carelessly. "And if she is, what a victory for her to insnare the royal captain who holds the strongest post in all England that flaunts the royal banner.'

Yes, and with deuced few men, too," said Rupert. "If King Charley expects me to hold the town, he must reinforce me ere long. I hear that Cromwell and his rabble are steadily advancing, as if with intent to give us battle."

"Tis doubtless the intention of the cropeared scoundrel," said Arden, who, like all his class, thoroughly despised the "brewer" captain, Cromwell. "But, do you intend to enter the house where dwells this unknown beauty?"

"Such is my intention; 'faint heart never won fair lady. If the fortress refuses to yield at beat of drum, I'll e'en carry the citadel by storm."

The lane now turning, the two came in sight of the little cottage, nestled amid a

bower of green.

"Yonder is the cot that holds the idol of my heart!" exclaimed the Prince. "I'll return to the castle, unless I can be of some assistance to you in your wooing."
"First, I must ascertain who and what

she is; it is necessary to learn the strength and position of the enemy before one can plan an attack." 'Right; success go with you," and Arden

Rupert walked boldly up to the door of the cottage, and knocked. The door was opened by a young girl, whose beauty fully justified the Prince's praise.

The girl started when she beheld Rupert's

'By the king!" quoth the cavalier, appa-

rently in great surprise, "fortune favors me to-day. Seeking here a draught of water, I find the maiden, whom, but an hour ago, I mourned as lost to my sight forever!" The girl blushed at the ardent gaze of the

"I can not refuse you what you ask, for it would be but a sorry return for the service you did me yesterday; yet, if you were to pass and forget that you have ever seen me, it

would be, perhaps, better for us both," the maiden said, earnestly.

"Forget you!" exclaimed Rupert; "yes, when I forget the stars in heaven, or the sun that shines at noonday. But, if you say me nay, and deny my boon for a simple cup of water to slake my thirst, I will pass on and never more believe that gratitude for favor done exists in the breast of wo-

'Enter, if you will; I do not deny my obligation," replied the maiden, quickly, throwing open the door.

Rupert did not wait for a second invitation, but at once followed the girl into the

A dainty room it was he entered, worthy

to be beauty's bower.

The girl brought a flask of wine, a drinking-cup of horn, and placed them before the

"Lady," said Rupert, filling the cup, "I am a soldier, and have served in many lands, yet never in all my life have I seen a maid as fair as you."

The girl blushed at the praise.

Right merrily Rupert hummed a French love-song to himself, as he retraced his way through the green and shaded lane.

Night came on. The royal sentries paced along their lines of watch, keeping vigilant grand for report bespek the near edgence.

guard, for report bespoke the near advance of the Puritan army.

In a sumptuously-furnished apartment in the castle sat the Prince. The richly-orna-mented tapestries that adorned the walls told that it was a lady's bower; but now it served for the head-quarters of the royalist leader.

Rupert waited with feverish impatience. At last a soldier conducted a lady, closely cloaked and vailed, into the room, and then

The new-comer removed the cloak and vail, and revealed the form and face of Katherine Langdon

The eyes of the Prince sparkled with delight as he looked upon the pale face of the Puritan's wife. "My husband," she murmured, averting

her eyes from the face of the cavalier. Are you so anxious to behold him that you can not spare me a few moments of your time?" he asked, reproachfully. "I am very anxious," she replied, lowly: there was a strange restraint in her man-

"Do you love this crop-eared cur so much?" Rupert asked, contemptuously. A single flash of fire came from the castdown eyes of the Puritan lady. A flash that escaped the notice of the cavalier.

"I love him truly and deeply," she answered, slowly. 'My bonny Kate, I have deceived you, Rupert said, calmly. "Your husband is not a prisoner in my hands, but you are, and you shall remain here until you forget

him and learn to love me." With a sudden movement, Katherine rushed toward the door, as if with intent to escape, but a soldier barred the way, and, as she recoiled from him, cast a mantle over

her head. A second only was the lady in the hands of the soldier, for the quick report of firearms in the street below, followed by the shouts of the contending parties, made him

'What is that?" questioned Rupert, in

"I can tell you!" cried Katherine, freeing her head from the mantle. "You are caught in your own trap. By means of the password which you gave me, my husband and his Ironsides have surprised the town!"

Hank kem in an' sed the red-skins wur about purty thick over on Stony Run, an' he thought as how they had planted thar

village fur a reg'lar squat.
"Now thet wur bad, fur we knowed well enuff thet this range couldn't hold us both, an' one er t'other war bound to leave.
""Twon't be me," sed Hank, 'be cussed

ef 'twill. It ar' too good a lay-out fur to give it up.'
"I told Hank I didn't see how we war

goin' to help it; but he sed he'd think the thing over, an' mebby the Injuns 'd move sooner 'n they calkerlated on.

I knowed in a minit thet the ole feller hed a idea, an' I let him work into it with-out pesterin' him wi' questions. For two er three days we lay mighty

clost, an' all the time Hank wur cuttin' an' fixin' a couple of b'ar-skins as we hed, an' by-em-bye he sed as how he reckoned he and fixed it so es them Injuns would leave afore long.

Thet night, arter I'd turned in, Hank slipped off in the bresh, an' I didn't see him no more till long arter midnight, when he kim in an' laid down 'ithout sayin' a word. "Next mornin' he tole me how he war goin' to work the Cheyennes, an' arter I see

his dodge, an' the things he'd fixed up, I begun to believe that it mout be did. "We laid by that day too, an' when night kem on we see it wur goin' to be jess the kind we wanted. It warn't very dark, but thar wur a kind uv a mist like as made every thing look es big ag'in es 'twur, sure

"Well, we gethered up the traps an' put out to'ards the valley whar the village war. Hank had been over, the night he went away from camp, an' got the lay uv the ground so we hed no trouble in findin' the place es suited, which war on top uv the hill over-lookin' the village, an' which war clear uv

timmer on the slope.

"Every thing down in ther valley war quiet. Ther fires war burnin' an' a few uy the warriors an' squaws war movin' about, but most uv 'em war in the lodges.

"It didn't take Hank long to git reddy. Fust he put on a kind uv leggins he'd made outen the b'ar-skin, an' arter that the body the ba'r, which had arms fixed into it, thet were longer 'n my rifle hyar, stickin' out on both sides, an' then a big Mexikin gourd, as we sumtimes toted our water in, which he'd cut to look fur all the world jess like a whoppin' skull uv a dead man. Inside he stuck a bit uv a candle, an' then put the thing over his head.



THE PURITAN LADY.

"Do not speak that way, I pray," she aid, earnestly. "It is unfit that I should listen to such compliments. Though I am but a girl in years, still I am a wedded wife," and, as she spoke, she extended her hand; the plain gold ring, the sign of her plighted troth, shone on the white finger. And your husband's name?" questioned

I fear to tell it to you, for-" and the For I am his enemy, eh?" said the nce. "You guess that I follow the royal

Prince. " banner, and your husband is a Puritan.' "Why keep his name a secret, then? The time may come, perhaps, when I shall be able to do him service, for the chance of war may place him in my hands; and, for your sweet sake, would I favor him. I am

no common soldier, lady; men call me Prince Rupert."

The girl started in astonishment.
"Prince Rupert!" she murmured.
"Yes; and now, confidence for confidence-your husband's name?" Edmund Langdon.

What! the colonel of the Ironsides, and

the favorite soldier of the ambitious brewer, crop-eared Cromwell?' "It is well that you have told me this, for I can serve you," Rupert said, slowly, a sad expression in his voice. "Your husband is now a prisoner in my hands, in yonder town. He was taken early this morning in a skirmish that my fellows had with the ad-

vance guard of the Roundhead army."
"Oh! may I not see him?" pleaded the 'Yes, lady, although I fear that it would greatly displease the king should the news come to his ears. But your name, lady?"

"Katherine Langdon Rupert thought for a moment.
"I have it!" he exclaimed, suddenly. After nightfall, wrap yourself in a cloak and come to me at the castle. None, then, will know of the affair, and you can see your husband without any one being the wiser for it, save ourselves.

'But how can I gain admission into the town? Is it not guarded by the royal 'The password for the night shall be your own sweet name, "Katherine;" that will pass you within the reyal lines," he

'I will come!" she exclaimed, promptly. Rupert drained off the wine. "Till then, adieu," he said, gallantly, and took his leave.

With a muttered curse, the Prince sought the scene of conflict. Too late! The royalists were flying for their lives before the Puritan soldiers; and Rupert was fain to join in the flight. The Roundhead army followed up their advantage, pushed on, and on Naseby's field struck the royal crown from Charles' head.

Prince Rupert never forgot the lesson

taught him by the Puritan lady.

Camp-Fire Yarns. How Hank Bullard "played" Devil.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"WHENEVER I hears a feller tellin' about bein' in a awful tight fix, an' hear him say as how he'd jess give up all hope uv not goin' under, but what I thinks he's wantin' in true grit, or else talkin' jess to hear his self talk. A man, as is a man, don't never give up. An' I could set hyar an' tell you boyees 'bout more 'n a dozen comrades uv mine livin' yet who hev been in places whar thar didn't seem no airthly chance uv gettin' cl'ar,"

It was my old friend, Joe Logstone, who was speaking in this emphatic manner, and as I drew near I heard a request from some as I drew hear I heard a request float some half-dozen of the younger rangers that he would favor them with one of the instances of good luck to which he had alluded.

"I'll do it, boyees," said the old ranger, "thet ar' ef you'll all promise thet the fust time you got into a right up ar' down tight.

time yur gets into a right up an' down tight place yur'll remember what I says now, an' don't never give up es long as thar's a breath leff into yur body. Mind what I say, yur'll come out all right of ner nor yu'll miss it.

"'Twur in '47, er tharabouts, thet me an' Hank Bullard broke groun' up in ther

Black Hills fur a season, an' the way it opened bid fa'r to give us plenty a work, lookin' arter the traps, huntin', an' keepin' both eyes peeled fur Injuns.

"We took the smart dodge from ther beginnin', an' as fast as the pelts would dry we'd cache 'em 'bout in diffirent places, so's ef one war diskivered the imps wouldn't get all at one haul. 'But this hain't nothin' to do with what

I started out to tell yur.
"We'd been in the hills somethin' more'n half the season, an' as yet the Cheyennes hadn't sighted the ranch; but one evenin'

ance; but I tell yur, boyees, it did look turrible, an' no mistake, wi' the light a-shinin through them holes, the great ha'ry looking beast, with its long arms, an' a tail ten foot long draggin' behind onto the ground. "'Now then, Joe,' sez Hank, 'I'm goin' down into thet village, an' if them red-skins

"I dunno ef yur un'erstans the contriv

hain't different frum enny others as I knows uv, why they'll scoot outen this afore morn-Stav hvar, in the bresh, an' see the fun.

"'All right, ole hoss,' sez I.
"'Well, hyar goes,' sed Hank, an' wi'
thet he fetched the awfulest whoop thet ever I heard in my life, an' started down the slope, slashing his long arms around, an' waggin' his burnin' head from side to side. Half-way down he sot off a big squib uv damp powder he'd fixed, an' the light frum it showed the Injuns what kind uv lookin'

"Well, well, to see them red-skins! swar I thought I die a larfin'. "Sech a yowltin' an' screechin' an' t'arin' around! An' all ther time Hank war movin' slowly right down onto 'em.

"But, right hyar, jess when we thought the game war all safe, the thing war bu'sted, an' then Hank war in a fix, shore enuff. "It happened thet thar war a darned half-breed in the village as hed married one uv the chief's darters, an' es soon es he see the thing, he snatches up a war-club an'

makes arter Hank, wus'n a bald hornet.
"I see thet, ef he re'ched him, the jig war
up, an' so I up's with Hank's rifle, an' downs the durned runnegade right in his tracks. "Thet showed our game, an' the Injuns turned on my comrade, an' in less'n a minit they hed stripped off the b'ar-skin, the gourd, an' knocked him over the head wi' a tommyhawk.

"While this wur goin' on, a lot uv the imps wur swarmin' up the hill, an' I see it wur time to lite out, which I did purty

"Skirtin' the further edge uv the ridge, I made across the kentry, headin' fur the high ground, whar thar war plenty uv good kiver, leaves, canyons, chapparal an' the like, whar I hoped to dodge 'em, an' git time to think about gittin' Hank cl'ar.
"The red-skins hilt me a close race, and

when I struck the foot uv the mount'in, they wurn't a hundered yards behind, an' yowltin' like so menny hungry coyotes.
"Twic't I war forced to turn an' speak to 'em wi' ole Betsy hyar, but rubbin' out two uv the varmints on'y made the balance uv 'em wuss'n ever.

"I saw it war goin' to be a close squeeze. Things begin ter look black, and I kinder

thought thet 'stead uv my helpin' Hank, why he'd hev a better chance to 'scape an'

Well, up we went, me an' the red-skins, an' by-an'-by I re'ched a place whar I couldn't go no higher, nor much further neither, fur thet matter. In fact, I wur in a trap. Thar in front riz up a cliff thet a goat couldn't climb, an' the same thing on the right hand; on the left war a precipice, five hundered foot deep; while ahind, war the red-skins closin' in, evidently detarmined

to take me alive. "Now, then, boyees, I jess wants ter know of I hedn't good showin' to give in an' say thar hain't no chance, not the least

bit on the yearth!
"You bet I hed, but I didn't say it, nor I didn't feel it nuther. I downed anuther imp, an' then drapped behind a rock thet stuck out, an' tryed to fodder ole Betsy ag'in.

"But they didn't hev no idea uv lettin'

me do no such thing. "The head one poked his top-knot round the corner, an' I grupped him by it, an' jerked him over the edge uv the cliff. Another one made a dash, an' him I brained, but the next one war too quick, an' afore I could swing the rifle up fur a lick, he run in an' clinched me 'round the body jess under

my arms.
"The whole thing war done quicker'n I can tell it, a heap, an' a'most afore I knowed it, we both stumbled for'ard, let go holts, but too late to keep from goin' over. The Injun war a leetle ahead uv me, an' es I sailed over I see him cuttin' down'ard more'n halfway to ther bottom. Yur see the red-skin fell out clean and cl'ar uv the edge. I hed give him a kind uv a shove, I reckin, while I rolled over, an' consekently fell close to the face uv the cliff.

I thort I hed drapped cl'ar to ther bottom and recommende the statement of the stateme

tom, an' war sumwhat astonished ter find thet thar warn't no bones broke, an' what

got me wuss yet, wur thet I kept rollin' fur a good bit an' then fotched up all uv a suddin in a lettle crack, like, in ther rocks.

"I see'd it all in a minit; I hed lodged onto a ledge thet sloped back'ard under the cliff, an' consekently hed rolled out uv

sight uv the Injuns on top.
"The best uv the whole thing wur, thet The best uv the whole thing wil, thet I hed hilt onto ole Betsy's hyar, but she war badly bruised, as yur kin see now.
"Well, I wur cl'ar ag'in, an' in a way thet I didn't ever even think on, an' so I sez to myself, 'don't yur never give in, Joe, as long es thar's a shadder uv breath in yur ole karkidge;' an' I hev allers, sence, stuck to it, an' it ar' been the cause uv my gettin' out uv menny a bad scrape whar I couldn't

see no daylight noway.
"Hank got away, too; but thet ar' a long yarn, an' Pll tell it to yur sum day er

Short Stories from History.

The Horrors of "the Law."-Thank Heaven, men are no longer imprisoned for debt! The cruel law that, only a short time since, was wiped off our statute books, time since, was wiped on our statute books, giving to the creditor the right to imprison the debtor, was, indeed, a relic of barbarism—how barbarous may be inferred from this one incident, which happened in Philadelphia, and which is thus related by Mr. Woodworth:

Some years since a young man, by the name of Brown, was cast into the prison of this city for debt. His manners were very interesting. His fine dark eyes beamed so much intelligence, his lively countenance expressed so much ingenuousness, that I was induced, contrary to my usual rule, to eek his aquaintance. Companions in misery in become attached to each other

Brown was informed that one of his creditors would not consent to his discharge; that he had abused him very much (as is usual in such cases), and made a solemn oath to keep him in jail "till he rotted?" I watched Brown's countenance when he received the information; and whether it was fancy or not, I can not say, but I thought I saw the cheering spirit of hope in that moment desert him forever.

Nothing gave Brown pleasure but the daily visit of his amiable wife. By the help of a kind relation, she was able to give him sometimes soup, wine, and fruit; and every day, clear or stormy, she visited the prison to cheer the drooping spirits of her husband. She was uncommonly pretty. She seemed an angel, administering consolation to a man about to converse with angels. One day passed the hour of one o'clock, and she came not. Brown was uneasy. Two, three, and four passed, and she did not appear. Brown was distracted. A messenger arrived. Mrs. Brown was very dangerously ill, and supposed to be dying in a convulsive fit. As soon as Brown received this information, he darted to the door with the rapidity of lightning. The inner door was open, and the jailer, who had just let some one in, was closing it as Brown passed vio-lently through it. The jailer knocked him down with a massive iron key which he held in his hand; and Brown was carried back, lifeless, and covered with blood, to his cell.

Mrs. Brown died; and her husband was denied even the sad privilege of closing her eyes. He lingered for some time, till, at last, he called me one day, and gazing on me, while a faint smile played upon his lips, he said "he believed death was more kind than his creditors." After a few con-vulsive struggles, he expired.

Reward of Merit.-Frederick the Great. one day ringing his bell, but nobody responding to the summons, he opened the door of the antechamber, and found his page sleeping on a chair. In going to awaken him, he saw a written paper hanging out of his pocket. This excited the king's curiosity and attention; he drew it out, and found it to be a letter from the page's mother, wherein she thanked her son for his kind assistance in sending part of his wages; for which heaven would surely reward him, if he continued faithful to his majesty. The king immediately fetched a rouleau of ducats, and slipped it, with the letter, into the page's pocket. Soon after he rung the bell and awoke the page, who made his appearance. "Surely you have been asleep," said the king. The boy stammered part of an excuse, and part of a confession, and putting his hand in his pocket, found, to his surprise, the roll of ducats. He drew it out, pale and trembling, but unable to speak a syllable. "What is the matter?" said the king. "Alas! your majesty," said the page, falling on his knees, "my ruin is intended: I know nothing of this money." "Why," said the king, whenever fortune does come she comes sleeping; you may send it to your mother with my compliments, and assure her I will provide for you both."